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# The American Girl

APRIL

1944



For All Girls—Published  
by the Girl Scouts



# Explorer in Microchemistry

## The Story of Herman Liebhafsky

Explorers usually go a-hunting with tents, guns, cameras, and the like, but Dr. Herman Liebhafsky, a chemist in G.E.'s Research Laboratory, uses his microscope and test tubes as his exploring equipment.

He's an explorer in the Lilliput land of microchemistry. He can weigh a piece of paper, have you write your name on it, put it on



the scales again—and tell you how much your signature weighs! His answer will be in gammas, and a gamma is  $1/28,329,000$  of an ounce!

Herman Liebhafsky's first exploration was into America, for he

came here from Austria-Hungary when he was six. He knew no English when he started in school, in a wooden-frame schoolhouse in the farming country of South Central Texas. But in only three weeks, his teacher had him read a story before a woman's club. He went through it beautifully—but didn't understand a word he read!

In his knee-pants stage, Herman thought he wanted to be a farmer—before a cow picked him up on her horns one day and tossed him over the fence into his mother's arms—also before he just missed kneeling on a coiled rattlesnake while he was picking cotton!

Then, in high school, the unknown territory of science was opened to him, and he went to Texas A. and M. to study chemical engineering. After graduation, in order to explore further into the fundamentals of chemistry, he took post-graduate work at the University of Nebraska. From there he went to the University of California, where he received a Ph.D. and remained for five more years as an instructor in chemistry.

He then joined the staff of the G-E Research Laboratory, worked with a consultant on chemical problems, and devised special

microchemical techniques to solve those problems. In many engineering developments, the only clue to vital information is a microscopic particle of matter. Microchemistry allows the scientist to analyze the particle as swiftly and accurately as though it were as large as a house.



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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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T. W. A. Airline photograph

AN AIRLINE HOSTESS

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

APRIL • 1944



A PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS PASSENGER SERVICE GIRL HOLDS ONE CLIPPER PASSENGER AS SHE WRITES A MESSAGE FOR ANOTHER

## SKY HOSTESSES UP-TO-DATE



**G**REAT thirty-passenger, thirty-ton flying boats, making regularly scheduled flights across the Atlantic—and American girls aboard as stewardesses! It sounds like something out of one of H. G. Wells's fantasies of the future. But in this case the future has already arrived. American Export Airlines stewardesses now fly the Atlantic every week, as regular members of the flight crews of eleven needed to operate these great four-motored air liners.

"Each trip is a separate adventure," says Dorothy Bohanna, who was the first woman to fly the Atlantic as stewardess on a regularly scheduled trip.

The eight girls who were selected for this work from several hundred applicants are all registered nurses, and all have had two or three years' experience with a domestic air line. Most of them are about twenty-five years of age.

No formal training was required of the first group of girls since they were already trained and experienced, but they have now formed a training class in which they talk over together the problems which arise on these extended flights.

Each hostess makes two round trips to Europe each month, and is well paid.

*Opportunities for girls who want to be air hostesses are widening every day. Keep up with the latest developments as recorded in this article by*

BETTY PECKHAM

The smart tailored uniforms of the transatlantic hostesses are of navy-blue gabardine, and each girl is supplied with a matching topcoat and raincoat. On their pert little overseas caps they wear a single wing of gold, to distinguish them from stewardesses flying only within the United States, who wear a single silver wing.

The transatlantic stewardess is on duty the entire time that her plane is flying the Atlantic. Record time for the trip from La Guardia Field, New

York, to Ireland is slightly over sixteen hours, but weather conditions may stretch the flight to twenty-five hours. No matter how long the trip takes, the hostess hardly sits down the whole time. No wonder she loses five pounds or more on each crossing!

As the plane leaves Ireland, the stewardess makes sure that her passengers have their black-out curtains drawn for the take-off. Then, as soon as the flight is under way, she has dozens of things to do. Since international boundaries are to be crossed, she must check passports. If there are babies aboard, she prepares formulas. Older children may be traveling alone under her care. The stewardess passes out reading and writing materials and playing cards, and attends to any medical emergencies that may arise. Her position is a very responsible one.

Not the least important of the stewardess's duties is the

serving of three complete meals. Three sets of dishes are carried so that if the trip goes as planned no dishwashing is necessary. At bedtime, the stewardess makes up berths for sixteen, but she is not allowed any time off in which to sleep.

There are many problems which arise among a group of people on a long tedious trip. The stewardess must possess tact plus. Her passengers may range in age from three months to seventy-four years; one may be the foreman of a construction gang, another, the queen's lady-in-waiting. Many people of rank are traveling under assumed names these days, but the stewardesses soon spot them since they are slow in responding when addressed. On one flight, Mrs. Smith and Miss Jones were actually two princesses traveling as commoners. Sometimes,



when a stewardess has several persons of rank aboard, she is faced with a problem—which one shall she serve first? And this problem may be as complicated as where one should seat the Vice-President's sister at a diplomatic dinner. But, somehow, the stewardess manages without hurting anyone's feelings.

Among the important people whom American Export Airlines stewardesses have met aboard their Flying Ace planes have been Mrs. Roosevelt, Alan Jenkins, Merle Oberon, Quentin Reynolds, Collier's war correspondent, and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

Stewardess Bohanna was in charge when the Dutch queen was a passenger, and she now wears a gold pin decorated with the royal crest of the Netherlands and the queen's signet "W." In spite of the lavish gifts which Queen Wilhelmina bestowed not only upon the stewardess, but also upon the other ten members of the crew, Holland's democratic sovereign came aboard the chartered plane carrying her personal belongings in a brown paper shopping bag. In fact, stewardesses soon learn that great people are often the most democratic. Frequently some notable person will offer to help wash the dishes and make up the berths.

Perhaps the stewardesses most enjoy their two days' rest in the old-world atmosphere of Ireland. While waiting for the plane to be made ready for its return trip, the girls live at an ancient inn on the estate of the Earl of Dunraven. Here they look out through small-paned windows and see great shiny horses being hitched to the stagecoach before the inn. They look out on hedges washed green in the daily rain, or perhaps on the bright yellow of daffodils. They see the pretty Irish girls riding by on bicycles. During the day, they shop for beautiful English woolens, explore crumbling abbeys, or listen to the old people talking in Gaelic. And on Sundays these girls, who are accustomed to the most modern type of transportation yet invented, jog to church in an Irish donkey cart.

When the transatlantic stewardess returns for her two weeks'



ABOVE: STEWARDESS LUCILLE COOK OF UNITED AIR LINES WAS A GRADE-SCHOOL TEACHER BEFORE SHE TOOK A POSITION AS A STEWARDESS. SHE IS SHOWN HERE AT THE CHICAGO AIRPORT WITH SOME OF HER FORMER PUPILS. LEFT: A T.W.A. HOSTESS IN HER WINTER UNIFORM LEAVES THE PLANE, STILL LOOKING FRESH AND SMART AFTER A FLIGHT

rest period in this country, she may find that a pilot friend has spent the week in Brazil, but that he, too, has returned in time for them to keep a date in New York.

The stewardesses fill their two weeks off with varied activity. Some serve as volunteer nurses in hospitals. Others study Spanish, looking forward to the expansion of aviation in South America.

ANOTHER new development in the field of hostess work is the employment by the Pan American World Airways System and the American Export Airlines of passenger service girls, or Hostesses on the Ground.

These Hostesses on the Ground work in the circular lobby of the Marine Terminal Building at La Guardia Field. Here, behind a green marble desk, under a mural depicting the history of flying, these charming girls attend to their varied and interesting duties, while the people who make the headlines in the newspapers flow past them in a constant stream, taking off or

BETWEEN: THE CAREFUL SERVING OF MEALS IS ONE OF THE AIR HOSTESS'S DUTIES. THE TRAY MUST BE SET EXACTLY RIGHT





UNTIL THE WAR, UNITED AIR LINES STEWARDESSES WERE REGISTERED NURSES. NOW THEY ARE COLLEGE GIRLS LIKE THESE

coming in on the great seventy-passenger Clipper planes. Hostesses on the Ground are chosen for their personal attractiveness, their graciousness and tact, and their ability to speak at least one language besides English. Several were educated abroad, and so gained fluency in more than one language. Among the girls who work at the big desk the following tongues are spoken: Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Greek, as well as English.

Each girl wears a smartly-tailored blue gabardine shirt-waist dress, with a spotless white dickey. Each day she is supplied with a fresh white carnation for her lapel.

The first few hours after a Clipper ship or Flying Ace is beached are busy ones for the Hostesses on the Ground. The girls aid in problems of customs and immigration, as well as in the more personal problems of the passengers. One of their duties is to keep children amused, or to hold babies, while their parents are waiting to be cleared for admission to the United States. Even before the plane arrives, they are looking out for the passengers' interests. Numerous messages and telephone calls, letters, and telegrams are received to be given to people upon arrival. While the Clipper is still out at sea, a message may be radioed by the last port of call before New York, saying that a crippled person is aboard who will need a wheel chair; a baby who will require a bassinet or a high chair; or an elderly person who must have a cane. All these the hostesses will provide.

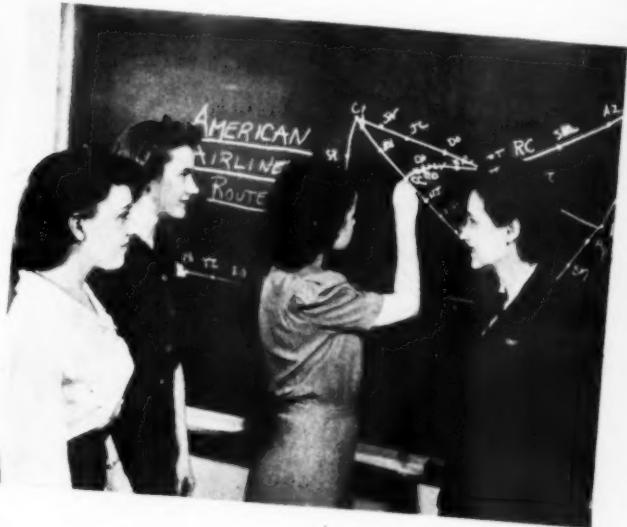
Passenger Service makes the first contact



Photographs by courtesy of Pan American Airways System, T.W.A. Airlines, United Air Lines, American Export Airlines, and American Airlines, Inc.

with the passenger, as he or she steps from the plane onto American soil. Anne Barrett and Grace Louise Forster are the only persons allowed in quarantine with the passengers. These girls, as well as the other hostesses, have been immunized against yellow fever, since they work closely with people coming in from all parts of the world where this disease is not yet under control. The girls greet the passengers, welcome them, and conduct them to the customs room where baggage is examined at a long counter.

When the girls ask American boys, returning from abroad, if there is any way in which they can be of service, the boys usually reply, "Just stand there a few minutes and let us look at you. It's so long since we've seen an (Continued on page 40)

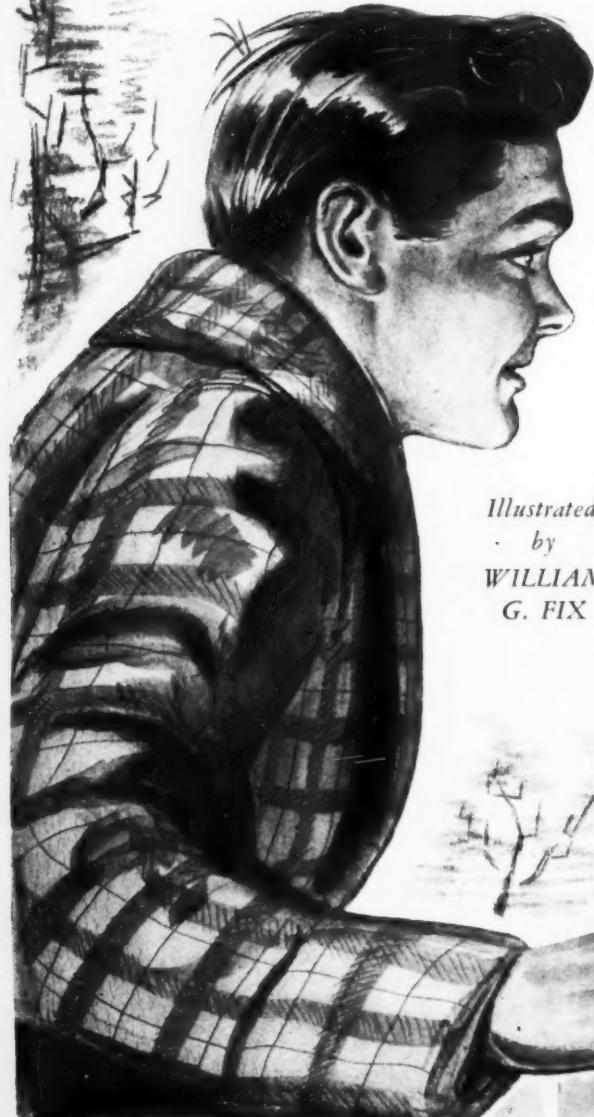


TOP: THESE GIRLS ARE LEARNING FLAGSHIP ROUTES ABOVE: A SMILING GROUP OF AMERICAN EXPORT AIRLINES TRANSATLANTIC STEWARDESSES, EACH WEARING THE DISTINGUISHING INSIGNE—A SINGLE GOLD WING. LEFT: A UNITED AIR LINES HOSTESS CHECKING PASSENGERS



*Butch groaned loudly when he saw the new girl, but he soon changed his tune and mislaid a perfectly good appetite*

By RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN



Illustrated  
by  
WILLIAM  
G. FIX

# SIMPLY

AT HALF past four the telephone on the desk in the library rang, and young Marvin Conover, Junior, known to his familiars as Butch, plunged down the back stairs to answer the summons.

At his thunderous descent old Della shrilled an automatic, "Keep outa heah!" and peered cautiously into the oven of the kitchen range. "You done shook mah sponge cake down to a sog," she scolded, but Butch, unheeding, had already traversed the butler's pantry, pausing long enough to grab a warm doughnut from the shelf in passing.

Doremus, Della's husband, shook his head. "Ain't no boy of fifteen got a right to weigh a hunnert an' eighty," he said. "Cose, Butch good an' tall, but he shuh is solid."

The library was separated from the kitchen quarters of the old Georgetown house by a wide dining room. Swallowing the last of his doughnut, Butch picked up the receiver and placed it tenderly against his ear. "Yes?" he inquired in a low, sweet, and completely unnatural tone. "Marvin Conover, Junior, speaking.

"Ob-ub-boo," was the curious sound that came over the wire, and then, "Oob, Butch!"

"Elly!" Butch was unfeignedly alarmed. "What's the matter?"

"Butch!" Elly Trask's voice was steadier now, but her tone was tragic. "Mother just—oh, no, it's too awful! I can't tell you."

"Your mother?" Butch waved an agitated hand, enjoining silence on his own mother who was just coming in from the hall. "Don't tell me she's sick, or run over, or something!"

Mrs. Conover put her hand to her heart.

"No! But we can't have the play—not here, anyway. Mother's just rented our whole third floor to some old colonel and his family. The Washington Housing Committee kept after her and kept after her."

"Oh, is that all?"

Mrs. Conover relaxed.

"All?" shouted Elly. "What about the play, then?"

"We'll have the play here." Mrs. Conover took an involuntary step forward and Butch grinned. "In the garage," he finished. "Pop won't mind. His car's laid up for the duration, anyway. Hey, tell you what! We don't eat for another two hours, and I've done my homework. Practically. Meet me at the foot of the hill and we'll take a walk along the towpath and talk things over. Oke? Oke."

"Wear your windbreaker," said Mrs. Conover hastily. "And be back here by six."

On his way back to his room Butch paused in the pantry long enough to devour another doughnut.



# Y DEVASTATING

"If I didn't know you so good," Della cried, "I'd say you was spoilin' youah appetite for suppah. What you gonna do, boy, when they gits you in the Army?"

"I'll do all right. Wait and see." Butch washed down the doughnut with a drink of pineapple juice and dashed upstairs.

Before the mirror he drew in the belt of his plaid jacket and saluted smartly. "Returning with eighty prisoners, sir," he barked. Della needn't worry about his figure. He wouldn't look bad in uniform—not bad at all. He'd show her in two years—show her tomorrow if he hadn't promised his father not to try any shenanigans about his age.

The Conover house and its magnolia-shaded dooryard stood halfway up Wisconsin Avenue hill; Elly's home, in lower Georgetown, was an even larger mansion. Both youngsters spoke slightlyingly of the various inconveniences entailed by the possession of these relics of ante-bellum splendor, but they would not have exchanged one inch of their rambling space for the most up-to-date apartment in Christendom. Butch could even remember when the old barn in his own backyard had harbored a cow, though a quartette of two-family houses now occupied the vacant lot where she had pastured. There were, in fact, no vacant lots left at all between the hill and Western High, where he and Elly were sophomores this year. But for all the crowding in Washington, the capital had not as yet encroached upon the parkway along the old canal path. It was still, as it had been to generations of Georgetowners, a favorite meeting-place.

Butch reached the foot of M Street just as Elly, walking rather slowly, came around the corner below the University grounds. She was talking to another, taller girl, and Butch hoped she would ditch the stranger before they came near enough to make introductions necessary. Elly was all right. Her slacks and sweater were almost as comfortably dingy as his own, and except for the gypsy scarf over her thick brown curls there was nothing to remind a guy that she wasn't just the tomboy she always had been. But this other Jane, tipping along on her

high heels, starched-up—good gravy! Elly was bringing the strange girl over. The brightness faded from the clear October afternoon for Butch; he kicked a clump of frost-browned grass sullenly.

"Gertrude, this is Butch Conover I've told you about. Butch, Gertrude Winslow."

How he knew that this was the daughter of the colonel who had rented the topmost floor of Elly's house, Butch did not clearly realize. Elly was talking, he knew; her words must have registered somewhere in his subconscious mind, but his livelier faculties were taken up with the knowledge that the

"HI, ELLY! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?"  
BUTCH STAMMERED OUT



new girl was sizing him up with unmistakable amusement in her limpid blue eyes.

"So I showed her your picture in the Yearbook, and she said she'd like to meet you," Elly concluded.

Butch had stood that superior stare about as long as he cared to. "Well," he demanded, "now that you've seen me, what do you think of me?"

Gertrude Winslow laughed. Not the snooty titter he had expected to hear, but a sweet, heart-warming chuckle. "I think you're simply devastating," she said.

Butch stared in his turn. Devastating, *bub!* It all depended on how she meant that. If she had been his own age it might have been worth while to ask her, point-blank. But she was nineteen, he thought, maybe twenty. A smooth looker. Golden blond hair, slender white hands. Butch wondered who had given her the Annapolis class ring she was wearing.

She was leaving them. "Shopping to do for Mother on F Street. Have a nice walk, you two."

She was gone. "How old is she?" he inquired abruptly.

"Twenty-one," sniffed Elly. "And does she think she knows it all! I couldn't get out of bringing her along without being horribly rude. You know what she said about your picture?" Elly doubled up, a hand over her mouth. "Butch, you'll die!"

Butch glowered. "Okay, then, I'll die. What did she say?"

"She said—" Elly's grin faded—"she said—not that it matters—that you looked like an overgrown cherub. Come on, let's walk. I've got to be back by six."

"So've I." Butch took a few steps mechanically, glaring at Elly. That girl—that snippy blond—had been sarcastic, then, at his expense. "And so you brought her along," he accused, "and let her get her laugh out. I suppose you told her what I weigh. That seems to be everybody's business except my own."

"Why, Butch Conover!" Elly's eyes filled. "I wouldn't dream of making fun of you. Besides," she added loyally, "you're not fat. Just solid."

Butch walked on, scuffing the dry leaves with apparent unconcern. "Let's talk about the play, for a change," he suggested. "I suppose they moved the scenery out of your attic. Where'd they put it?"

"Down cellar. Bill Jones says he can get one of his father's grocery trucks to move it over to your place early tomorrow. Oh, Butch, isn't it lucky your garage used to be a barn? We can use the box stalls for dressing rooms, and—" She broke off suddenly. "Oh, here come our squirrels. Did you bring any peanuts for them?" He did not answer and she raised her voice. "Butch! Are you listening?"

"Hub?" Butch flushed. "Sorry, Elly. Guess I was thinking about something else. Sure, I stopped in at Steve's for the peanuts. Watch the little red fella go for this one!" He knelt, holding a nut in his half-closed hand, and the red squirrel, approaching in a series of short runs, finally pounced at the prize, pushing the boy's fingers apart impatiently with his hard little paws.

"See how he uses his paws, like little hands," said Elly fondly. "Isn't he cute?"

"Cute?" echoed Butch. "He's simply devastating."

Elly looked at him darkly. "Well, something is," she said. "I don't believe you want to walk at all. And I ought to be home helping Mother, anyway. Let's go back, shall we?"

Elly's farewell, as they parted on M Street, was meant to be soothing. "Cheer up, Butch! Gertrude is a pain in the neck, but you won't have to see her again."

That evening, after refusing a second helping of cabinet pudding, Butch amazed his parents by departing for his workshop in the basement.



ELLY



BUTCH



GERTRUDE

Vigorous sounds of hammering, followed by the shrill clangor of a bell, gave the clue to this unwanted activity.

Mr. Conover put his paper down. "I threw that old alarm clock out for scrap a month ago," he said. "Now what in thunder?"

His wife continued knitting, unperturbed. "Marvin said something about wanting to be over at Elly's early, before school tomorrow. And none of the other clocks ever seem to wake him up. So I said he could have that one, when he asked me. Don't say anything to him about it, though. He's a little upset tonight."

"Nonsense!" Butch's father shook the second section open at the sports page. "He ate a whole bagful of peanuts before dinner. I saw him."

"I don't mean in that way." Mrs. Conover's smile was tremulous. "But on their walk this afternoon Elly must have said something to hurt him—or perhaps it was that other girl, the one who is staying at the Trasks'. He said he'd met her." Butch's mother noted the patient bewilderment on her husband's face, and brushed her eyes angrily. "Oh, Marv," she cried, "I mustn't let myself be such a fool over him! But when I think how casually we used to take these next three years for granted—just ordinary high-school years, and then Princeton—and how disappointed you are about that—sometimes I just can't bear it. He's still such a baby, Marv."

"He's a whale," said Mr. Conover. "But I know what you mean." He stared at a pictured group of football players with unseeing eyes. "Guess I'll go down and see if I can help him with that clock," he said.

THE alarm bell of the repaired clock burst dutifully into action at half past six the next morning, so startling Della, then tiptoeing down the kitchen stairs to prepare breakfast, that she took the rest of the flight in a leap worthy of Nijinski. "Land of mah rest!" she muttered after having assured herself that her bones were still unfractured. "Butch gonna be the death o' me one of these days. Down heah like a cyclone in a minute, askin' me for hominy an' sausage, too, I'll bet."

But Della need not have worried. It was close to an hour before Marvin Conover, Junior, appeared in her kitchen, and then so quietly, and so resplendent in attire, that Della could only gasp. And when Butch paused before the mirror to flatten down one auburn lock that refused to join its smoothly brushed fellows, she began to doubt her own senses. "Don't tell me it Sunday already," she begged weakly.

Butch smiled without mirth. "No, (Continued on page 36)

# MAN'S BEST FRIEND

## Has Gone to War



*With intelligence, devotion, and eagerness to do what is expected of them, dogs trained for war are giving their all to their human friends*

By  
MYRTIE  
LILLIAN  
BARKER

RIN TIN TIN THIRD, A "MERCY DOG" WHO HAS BEEN TRAINED BY THE UNITED STATES ARMY FOR RED CROSS WORK



*Above and below, official Signal Corps photographs*



HE MAY HAVE BEEN A PUPPY ON MAIN STREET—NOW HE'S DOING HIS PART IN A GLOBAL WAR, FIGHTING IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

ago, word was received that a German shepherd dog had been cited for bravery beyond call of duty in Sicily. His name was Chips, and before he enlisted in the Army, he belonged to Mrs. Edward J. Wren of Pleasantville, New York.

When our forces were invading Sicily Chips was led ashore just east of Licata, by Private John R. Rowell of Arkansas. The



AN ARMY DOG DEMONSTRATES HIS USEFULNESS IN INSTALLING COMMUNICATIONS WIRES BETWEEN BATTLE OUTPOSTS

two were walking quietly up the dark beach, when all of a sudden machine guns cracked from a near-by peasant's hut.

Instantly Chips was off. He dashed into the hut. There was a terrific upstir inside, and then a man ran out with Chips leaping at his throat. Private Rowell called the dog off before he killed the man. In a few minutes, another man came out of the hut, holding his hands above his head. Both were brought in as prisoners. Still not satisfied with his night's work, Chips—a little later that same evening—enabled Private Rowell to capture ten Italian soldiers who were walking down a road.

It was a fine bit of service another dog (whose name has not been released) rendered on the Tunisian battlefield. He was an Army dog, also, but he was with the Medical Corps. Machine gun bullets were cutting all around him. The air was black with

RIGHT: A MAN MAY OVERLOOK A CASUALTY IN THE SEARCH FOR THE WOUNDED, BUT A DOG SELDOM MISSES

FAR RIGHT: DID YOU EVER SEE A DOG CLIMB A TREE? HERE'S A DOG BEING TRAINED TO DO JUST THAT UNUSUAL THING



Official Signal Corps photograph

smoke, but through all the noise, blackness, and confusion, he found an American soldier lying on the battlefield severely wounded. The dog's keen senses discovered signs of life in the soldier, and amid exploding shells and flying shrapnel, the gallant animal attracted the attention of the stretcher-bearers who came to the boy's aid. Without the dog's presence, the men might have passed on without discovering the wounded soldier.

And then there is the experience a soldier on guard duty had one night, not long ago. He and his dog companion were marching back and forth on patrol against saboteurs and spies. So far as the soldier was concerned, all was well—but suddenly his dog growled angrily. The guard, realizing that the dog's senses were keener than his own, challenged the unseen enemy. There was no reply. The dog growled again.

"Get him!" the guard commanded.

The dog leaped, snarling. A cry of pain split the night air, and a prowler was captured.

Just as there are requirements which men and women must measure up to before they can enlist in the armed services of our country, so are there regulations governing the acceptance of dogs for military duty. High intelligence and a combative spirit are of great importance in a dog's enlist-

BELOW: MAN SOLDIER AND DOG SOLDIER ON GUARD DUTY TOGETHER



ment. He must not be gun shy, or afraid of storms. He must have the will to fight if necessary, and the physique to carry out this will. The Army specifications stipulate that a dog must measure over twenty inches, weigh over fifty pounds, and be between the ages of one and five years.

Dogs for Defense, Inc., 22 E. 60th Street, New York City, is the headquarters of this civilian agency which is in charge of recruiting dogs for the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, and Marines. They have branch recruiting stations all over the United States, and into these stations devoted masters and mistresses bring dogs of every type and description. The breeds approved by the armed forces are Airedale terriers, Alaskan Malamutes, Belgian and German shepherd dogs, boxers, bull mastiffs, Chesapeake Bay retrievers, curly-

RIGHT: ON THE EDGE OF SOME LAKE, SOMEWHERE, DOGS ARE BEING TRAINED TO CARRY PACKS ON THEIR BACKS. BELOW: EAGER TO GET AT THE ENEMY, THIS DOG AWAITED THE COMMAND OF HIS HANDLER



Official Signal Corps photograph

coated, flat-coated, and Labrador retrievers, collies, Dalmatians, Doberman pinschers, Eskimo and Siberian huskies, giant schnauzers, Irish water spaniels, and crossbreds of these breeds.

Sergeant Robert Pearce, a dog trainer at Fort MacArthur, California, tells about a woman who insisted that her tiny Pekingese would make a perfectly wonderful soldier because he once bit her Jap gardener! Sergeant Pearce, who formerly taught tricks to movie dogs, has discouraged the accepting of trick dogs for the Army. "They can't forget their tricks," he says. "If an



Official Signal Corps photograph



ABOVE: CH. NORNAY SADDLER, A SMOOTH FOX TERRIER WHO WAS THE INSPIRATION FOR FOUNDING THE WAR DOG FUND. LEFT: A POOCH TRUSTINGLY TAKES HIS "PHYSICAL"

Right and below,  
Official Signal Corps  
photographs

enemy approaches, they are as likely as not to sit up and beg, or to start walking around on their hind legs."

The Army wants dogs that are past the playful puppy stage. Dogs as old as five years have been successfully taught, debunking the old adage that "you can't teach an old dog new tricks."

Once past the recruiting officer, the dog is sent to an Army camp where his official serial number is stamped on his left flank. After a quarantine period of two weeks, his training begins. He must learn to obey the commands "Halt" and "Sit." When the order "Stay" is given, he must stay as he is while the trainer drops the leash and marches on without him.

Uncle Sam has a number of camps throughout the country which devote a goodly portion of their facilities to the training of dogs for war duty—to serve as sentinels, messengers, Red Cross aids. At Front Royal, Virginia, at San Mateo, California, Gulfport, Mississippi, Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and Camp Rimini, Montana, dogs are given their military instructions. Men and dogs march in platoons and companies, each dog at heel on the left of a soldier, each obeying the sergeant's sharp command—forward, left, right, and to the rear—with beautiful and amazing precision. Later on, a volunteer, with his right arm heavily padded, bolts at the dog. The man fights with his right hand, training the dog to grab for that arm and to release it at his trainer's command.

The different branches of canine service demand specialized training as the instructions proceed. A dog sentinel must learn alertness, to regard every stranger with suspicion. Part of



ABOVE: A HUSKY LOOKS PROUD AND HAPPY CARRYING A LIGHT MACHINE GUN AND TRIPOD AS HE TRAINS FOR SERVICE IN WAR

LEFT: AN ARMY CAMP IN MINIATURE, COMMONLY KNOWN AS "DOG TOWN"

BETWEEN: YEOMAN TOPPER IS LOOKING FOR RECRUITS



the training of a dog "studying" for such duties is given at night. The dog is taken on a leash by his trainer through a section of country where men have been previously posted in trees.

Messenger-dogs must forsake all natural instincts—chasing cats, picking up food along the way, following an exciting scent, all are taboo. Delivering the message is the paramount object in the dog's life, and all temptations which might divert him from that object must be overcome. It is said that one trainer fastened his

messenger-dog student in a pen with some cats and chickens, that he might become acquainted with them and not chase them when on duty.

Smaller and faster than a man, a dog makes an excellent messenger. His color is a natural camouflage and he can cross open country with little danger of being shot. In fact, it has been found that he is ten times less likely than a man to be struck by a bullet. A messenger-dog wears a leather collar with a small, hollow, aluminum tube attached. In this tube are placed maps, letters, or other material to be transported. First the messenger-dog makes short trips of only a few yards from one trainer to another. Gradually these are lengthened, until a trip may cover a distance of as much as three miles, and even across unfamiliar country.

Many dogs are even now distinguishing themselves as pack toters, carrying ammunition or food to isolated outposts. They are being taught to pull reels of light telephone wire, thus enabling long stretches of communication network to be installed. A reel weighing about a hundred and fifty pounds is mounted on a light cart behind the dog. On several occasions, dogs have transported carts full of carrier pigeons, which were later used in sending messages back to headquarters.

It was in this service that Satan, a black mongrel dog of World War I, performed so magnificently. It was at the battle of Verdun that Satan made his famous run. The Germans had established a battery on the left of the French garrison, in a place where a steady stream of shells was being showered into the village. Day after day the small, desperate garrison had attempted to halt the enemy's progress, but the Germans had taken every road and shattered the telephone and (Continued on page 26)



## LIVY PROVES HIS METTLE

PAMELIA BROUGHT DRY BREAD AND CRACKED CORN,  
BUT THE GEESE SEEMED AS DISAPPROVING AS EVER

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

AT INDIAN MOUND FARM, everyone but Pamelia was grown-up. Aunt, Uncle, the housekeeper, and the three hired men—there was not a really young person among them, and there was not a dog, or a cat, either. Pamelia, used to a large family of brothers and sisters, enjoyed having her tower room all to herself and was never lonely in the house. But outdoors it was different.

The first morning after her arrival, she stood on the porch steps looking about her. From the top of the Indian Mound on which the farmhouse stood, she could see for miles over the flat cornfields toward the distant smoke and spires of Saint Louis across the Mississippi, hidden from sight below its banks. Here and there another farm, with its trees and barns, stood like an island in the corn, and nearer at hand there were mounds like basket-shaped or square hills with very steep sides. On one of the largest and steepest of these stood the schoolhouse, painted red and complete even to its bell. It covered almost the entire top of its mound, with a path scrambling up to its two doors, the most fascinating looking place to explore if Pamelia could ever find it from the cornfields. While she was looking at it, the flock of watchdog geese which were Aunt's pride came waddling up about her feet, looking at her severely from their pale eyes and demanding food when they weren't turning toward one another to make rather unkind remarks about Pamelia—or so she thought.

Any companionship was something, and she ran back to the kitchen for some cracked corn and dry bread, but though the geese ate it all greedily, they seemed as disagreeable and disapproving as ever.

"Hiss and whisper all you want!" Pamelia exclaimed impatiently, shaking the crumbs from her apron. "I don't like you any better than you like me, and I think your eggs taste nasty!"

The geese all looked at her down their beaks, holding their absurd heads high, and then waddled off, still talking to one another. Only Livy, who as a gosling had had his foot stepped on by a horse, lingered behind the flock. Food was harder

for Livy to catch than for the others. He was less proud than they, more willing to pick up the very little crumbs which the rest of the flock thought not worth stooping for.

Pamelia watched him for a while.

"I believe you're rather nice," she said at last. "Here's a cooky in my pocket I was going to eat myself, but you shall have half of it."

She sat down on the lowest step and Livy came close to her. He was willing to take the pieces of cooky from her fingers, and she noticed that he did not grab at them greedily like the rest of the flock. He looked at her sadly when he had eaten his half and waited. Pamelia, of course, gave him her half of the cooky, too.

Soon she was feeding Livy off and on all day. She taught him tricks, and he would hunt in her pockets for tidbits. When she weeded the fenced-in garden back of the house, or picked peas, or pulled radishes for Aunt, Livy would limp after her as far as he could come, and then wait for her at the fence gate, quacking companionably.

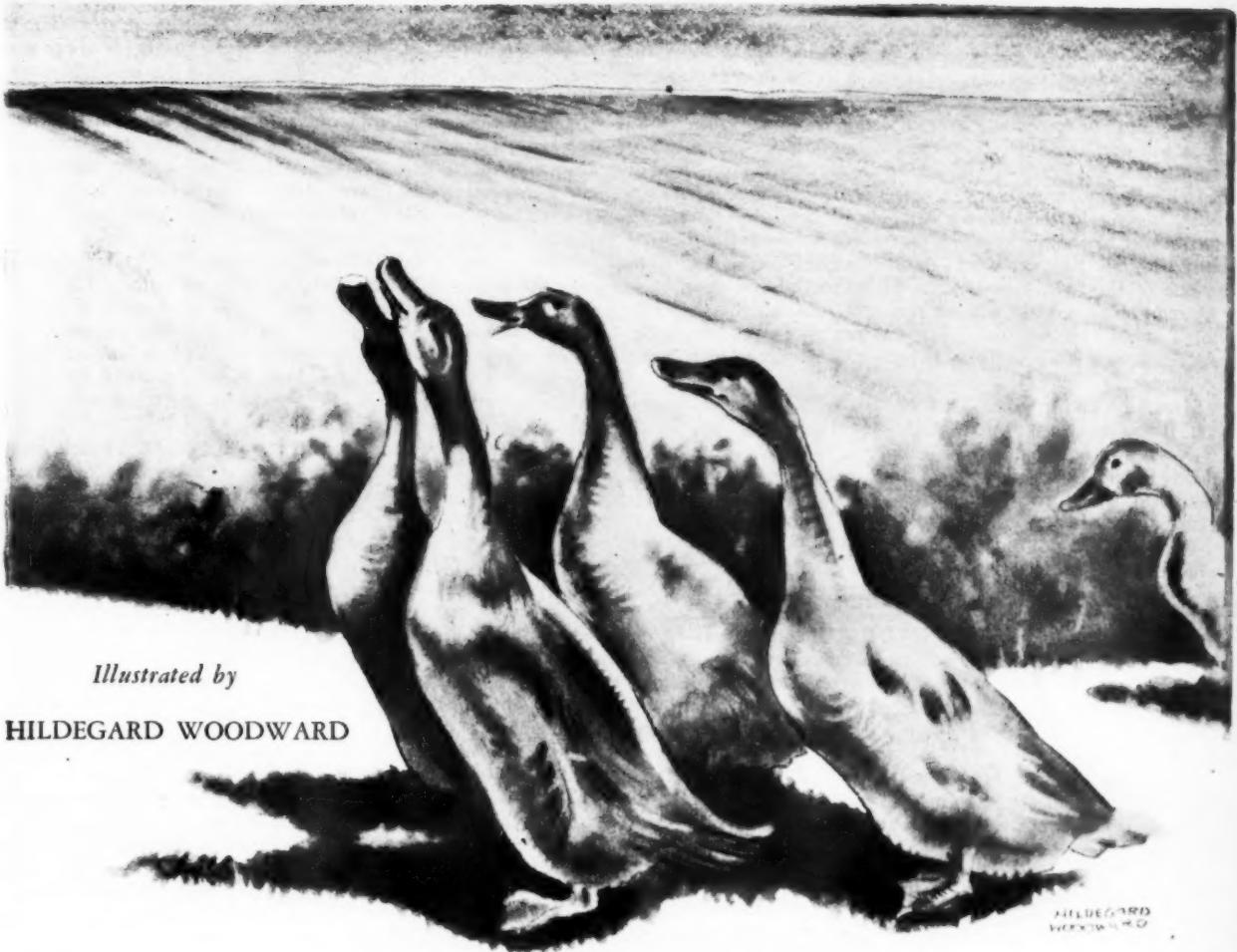
When Pamelia began to explore farther afield, Livy followed. If she ran, he would waddle hastily after her, honking as though to beg her to wait for him. He was something of a nuisance, but he was company, too. Pamelia even took him as far as the schoolhouse, whose key hung on a nail behind the kitchen door.

"We're the nearest farm," Aunt explained. "During vacation I always go over there once or twice, to make sure that everything is all right and that no birds have broken the windows. I don't see why you shouldn't go there if you'd like, Pamelia. Take the key whenever you wish, but be sure to leave everything there just as you find it."

So more and more often Pamelia would make her way over to the schoolhouse on its pedestal of a hill, which was just as steep as it had looked at a distance. Its windows did not have as wide a view as her own in the tower room, but still they gave her the same sense of being in a nest on a high bough. While Livy waited in the shade outside, Pamelia would amuse herself drawing pictures on the blackboard, or glancing into the old school-

Illustrated by

HILDEGARD WOODWARD



books which she found on the shelf back of the teacher's desk. It was here that she wrote letters home on the long afternoons, taking her choice among the dozen desks, all too small for her, or sitting in state at the teacher's table.

One afternoon it was even hotter than usual. Pamelia sewed with Aunt on the veranda, and about the middle of the afternoon she felt restless. Clouds were gathering for a thunderstorm in big black and white cauliflower shapes along the horizon, and the air had a tense feeling. Pamelia knew she couldn't sit still any longer.

"Please, Aunt," she begged, "may I go over to the schoolhouse with Livy? I'll be back soon."

Aunt threaded a needle and looked at the sky. "It's going to storm," she said doubtfully. "Why don't we make some lemonade instead?"

Pamelia looked so disappointed that Aunt smiled.

"Go if you like, dear," she agreed, "but don't be gone long. It won't rain for a couple of hours, but when it rains it will rain hard. Perhaps you'd better leave Livy." But then again she hesitated. "No, take Livy. I always feel better to know that you aren't quite alone. Are you sure you wouldn't like to make lemonade instead?"

But what Pamelia wanted was to take the pins and needles out of her legs, and Aunt, scarcely knowing why she felt troubled, nodded agreement.

Off went Pamelia and Livy. They passed Al, one of the hired

men, near the barns and had a distant glimpse of Uncle mending the fence of the pasture where the hogs had broken through. Dust lay thick on all the weeds along the road, and a passing wagon dripped dust from its wheels like water falling back from the revolving of a mill wheel.

The heat in the corn was almost unendurable. Now and then a low rumbling came from the sky, like the sound of a heavy cart rumbling over a wooden bridge. Livy limped and went more slowly than usual. Pamelia had to help him up the steep path to the schoolhouse.

She took the key from her pocket, and when she went in nothing seemed disturbed, but there was a curious smell in the hot room. She flung open the windows to let in what air there might be.

"Goodness! I must have forgotten to lock that window," she thought, finding it unlatched. "I left in too much of a hurry last time."

Had she forgotten anything else? No, the blackboard had been wiped clean, the books put away. But what a funny smell!

The sky grumbled, was silent, grumbled again. A queer blue-black color like ink spread itself along the horizon, sopped up by the wadded clouds. Pamelia now felt the stir of uneasiness she had seen in Aunt's eyes.

"I guess I won't stay here," she thought. "It isn't a bit of fun today."

But as she erased her first unfinished drawing from the board,

she heard a sound from the open door behind her. She knew what it was and turned like a flash, the chalk eraser in her hand. There, dark in the brightness of the opening stood Livy, his head stretched out menacingly, his beak open in a continuous sharp hiss.

Something, or someone, as yet unseen had come up the schoolhouse hill and the lame goose was defending the entrance.

Perhaps it was because she never expected anyone to appear at the schoolhouse, or perhaps it was the fierceness of Livy's attitude, hissing in the doorway—whatever the cause, Pamelia's heart began to thump wildly as she walked forward across the room, through the entry where the hooks hung empty, and so to the one of the twin doors which was unlocked and open.

A man stood a little way off, brought to a halt by the lame goose's stand. He was not a nice-looking man. He was rather short, dark, and bandy-legged, and the look he turned to Pamelia was blustering.

"Here," he said in a husky voice, "call off that goose of yours, sister, if you don't want him to get hurt!"

His voice was as unattractive as his face.

Pamelia did not answer. A faint smell of old clothes and smoke and fried grease about him reminded her of the smell which had met her when she had opened the schoolhouse door.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "You spent the night here, too, and you have no right to."

He grinned and his broken teeth were no nicer than the rest of him.

"I've as much right as you have, sister," he answered. "Ain't schoolhouses public property? This don't belong to you, does it? Now you clear out and take that bird of yours with you. I want to cook my supper in peace. And don't you go around blabbing that I'm here, either, or you'll have something happen you won't like."

He stepped forward, but Livy also limped forward to meet him, his wings a little spread, his bill opened, a cold fury in the two beads which were his eyes. The man, startled, drew back and raised a stick he had in his hand.

"I'll break your neck for you!" he shouted at the lame goose.

"If you touch him, I'll ring the school bell and all the men will come!" Pamelia cried out. She had suddenly thought of it, the rope which hung there almost within reach of her hand.

The man backed away a little, followed by Livy. "What bell?" he asked, uncertainly. His eyes flickered upward to the bell itself overhead.

His tone changed. "Can't you take a little joke?" he asked. "You're a funny kind of girl that can't take a joke." He laughed and his laugh was as horrid as everything else about him.

"I'm going, I'm going," he went on. "Just came up to see what it was like up here, that's all."

As he backed away, Livy followed. It wasn't far to the steep path down the mound. Pamelia stood, unable to say a word, watching the man and the goose. Suddenly he was gone and there was only Livy against the cloud-heaped sky.

After a while Livy stopped hissing and made a sudden lunge after a grasshopper, and Pamelia knew that the man was really gone.

"Well," she said, and sighed a deep sigh.

Now she was able to move again, and now, for the first time since the man appeared, she heard the thunder, nearer. The sun shone very brightly on the clouds, and the cornfields as far as eye could see stretched emerald green against the sunlit blackness. It was beautiful. Rather doubtfully Pamelia left the shelter of the schoolhouse, and joined Livy. As they stood at the top of the path, the clouds overtook the fleeing sun, and almost immediately afterwards a flicker of light and a crash showed that the storm had begun, though still the rain held off.

Pamelia knew she must go, much as she preferred the high mound. Livy followed slowly, limping.

"Hurry, hurry, Livy!" Pamelia whispered to him, making her way down the path into the thick-growing corn. "I'll be glad when we're out on the road and in the open again."

For once, it seemed no time before the Pike lay before her. There was no sign of the tramp, up or down its length: she had seen no sign of him in the corn. Now she could forget him and think of nicer things. For a moment she stood still, looking at the vast, uneasy sky above her.

"The clouds are great travelers," she thought. "Much greater travelers even than the people who go by here on their way to the West."

Again lightning came lashing out of the clouds with a sharp crackling sound.

"They're whipping up their horses," Pamelia thought. "They're in a hurry today, the people of the storm."

A drop of rain fell smack on top of her head and another on her hand. The dusty road around her began to have a freckled look.

Followed by Livy, she hurried toward home. "But I hope I get wet through first," she thought. "It feels so cool, after being so hot."

The man at the schoolhouse door seemed unimportant now, and small and far away. She had almost forgotten him until she saw a figure ahead of her, leaning over something by the side of the road. In the uncertain light she could not be sure who it was, but it looked too small to be a man. As she came hesitantly near, she saw that she had been frightened by a little barefooted boy, who was bending over a dead toad that had been run over by one of the wagons. It looked sad, flattened out that way. She was always sorry for the dead toads on the road, but Livy was not sorry for them at all and wanted to gobble them up.

"Look out!" called Pamelia. "Livy will get him if you're not careful."

The boy looked up at her, not at all surprised by her sudden appearance with a lame goose at her heels, though Livy was some distance behind.

"I've got a grave scooped out," he said matter-of-factly. "I'll cover him over while you find a headstone."

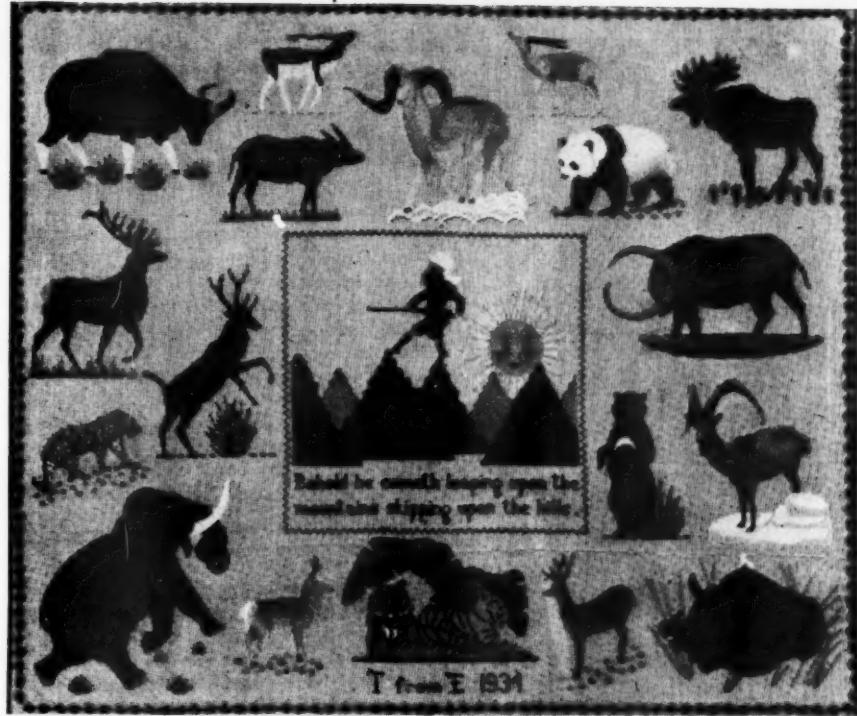
Stones were rare in that country, but Pamelia found one that would do, and the toad was buried with a stone at its head by the time Livy came limping up to eye the newly-turned earth with suspicion, his head a little lowered, which made him look as though he were mourning.

The little boy stood in the rain, with his wet, tousled head bowed, and repeated slowly,

(Continued on page 38)



THE SCHOOLHOUSE COVERED ALMOST THE ENTIRE TOP OF ONE OF THE LARGEST, STEEPEST MOUNDS



A SAMPLER DESIGNED AND WORKED BY MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., TO COMMEMORATE A HUNTING TRIP MADE BY HER HUSBAND

## PERSONAL SAMPLERS—*Modern Style*

By HILDA KASSELL



THE story of the early settlement of our country is not recorded in books alone. Embroidered samplers, of which many fine specimens are the prized possessions of museums and private collectors throughout America, are living testimonials not only to the ingenuity and inventiveness of our pioneer ancestors, but also to their sense of beauty and feeling for good design.

The original intention of the sampler was to serve as a practical record of stitches and patterns to be used in marking household linens, since no pattern books were available in the new country—but this was not their only use. Many families lived in remote villages, far from schools, so little girls—and even little boys—were taught to embroider samplers not only as an "exemplar" of stitches, but also as a means of learning the alphabet. In examining old samplers, you will notice that many are embroidered with both capital letters and small letters for this reason.

In addition to answering practical needs, the sampler had also another function, serving as a medium for self-expression. Indeed, the main charm of the samplers made during the early days of our country lies in the fact that they were all personal expressions of the individual interests and tastes of their makers. The average Colonial girl had so few models to guide her that she was forced to originate her own designs. The first sampler

believed to have been made in America (and now shown in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts) was embroidered by Loara, daughter of Miles Standish.

Perhaps the most effective samplers, ancient or modern, are those which are not only decorative but relate a story—a picture story as dramatic as if words were used to express the ideas the designer wished to convey. A verse or a proverb may be used in such samplers to emphasize a point, but the main thought should be expressed in decorative symbols, and the work should be signed and dated by the maker.

Sometimes our pioneer mothers and sisters recorded the noteworthy events of their time through the medium of needlework, and this should be a challenge to the girl of today. We are living in one of the most exciting periods in history, a period which lends itself to pictorial representation. You, yourself, with such rich material at hand, may achieve noteworthy results by creating your own personal sampler. Embroidery may be as truly an art expression as literature, painting, or music. Why not use your creative imagination in recording modern historic and patriotic achievements?

History is so swift in the making that no one, to the writer's knowledge, has as yet created a sampler to commemorate the meeting between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill on a destroyer at sea, when the Atlantic Charter came into being; or, indeed, the meetings among the great powers,

*Here is a new slant on one of the favorite crafts of Girl Scouts. Learn to make a service sampler for some member of your family who may be in the armed forces*

taught to embroider samplers not only as an "exemplar" of stitches, but also as a means of learning the alphabet. In examining old samplers, you will notice that many are embroidered with both capital letters and small letters for this reason.

In addition to answering practical needs, the sampler had also



SAMPLER CREATED BY MRS. GEORGIANA BROWN HAR-BESON FOR THE "ADOPT A FAMILY" COMMITTEE



THE PERSECUTION OF SAINT ANTHONY, DESIGNED AND WORKED BY MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.



THE INSIGNE OF AN ADJUTANT GENERAL



U.S. MARINE CORPS — WOMEN'S RESERVE



THE ANCHOR OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY



WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS (ON OFFICER'S LAPEL)



INSIGNE OF U.S. NA-VAL RESERVES (WAVES)

with Roosevelt, Churchill, Chiang Kai-shek, and Stalin drafting the course of future events. A sampler showing Uncle Sam, John Bull, and the Russian Bear in conference, with the lush country of Iran for a background—or the same subject repeated in Egypt, with the Chinese Generalissimo attending, should make a significant historic document. While such a sampler would be too difficult for the beginner, who should start simply, it is mentioned to indicate the possibilities of this rewarding art.

Many phases of war activity are suitable subjects for sampler design and can easily be indicated. Insignia for all branches of the United States services may be obtained through local libraries, or through newspapers, and copied for reproduction in your sampler. The colors are plainly marked and can be followed without difficulty.

Your own activities on behalf of Civilian Defense may also be indicated. If you have worked on a farm this summer, you will want to include that as a vital part of your war activity. Farm animals, such as cows, chickens, and hogs make amusing subjects for embroidery; or the figure of a girl pitching hay would be good. If you have had your own Victory Garden, plan to include in your design the vegetables you raised. If you are doing Red Cross work, or are serving as a Hospital Aide, by all means include those activities by working in the appropriate symbols. These are only a few of the subjects you may like to use—the possibilities are endless.

Most of us have someone close and dear to us in the armed forces. The heroism of a brother, father, or cousin somewhere on the far-flung battlefields of this war should be recorded, not only for one's personal satisfaction, but also for the historic significance of their deeds. And for the first time in the history of our country, women, too, are playing a vital part in our armed forces—so you will want to include in your sampler the accomplishments of any WAC, WAVE, SPAR, or Marine who may belong to your family.

It is important for the novice to study the methods of expert designers and needlewomen before undertaking her own creation. Mrs. Robert Coleman Taylor, who has many beautiful samplers to her credit, is emphatic in saying that only by creating your own designs, no matter how simple, can your work acquire meaning. She herself designed and worked on silk a simple but beautiful picture of Lindbergh's great flight, showing a lonely airplane flying through clouds over a green-blue sea. She designed a companion piece, also, commemorating Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd's flights over the North and South poles, with a glorious aurora in the distance, and a polar bear and penguin watching his plane from strategically placed icebergs.

No story about American needlework would be complete without reference to Georgiana Brown Harbeson, artist and author of a manual on "American Needlework." Mrs. Harbeson has pioneered for many years, building an appreciation for this ancient art and stressing American themes. Many of her needlework designs appear in current national publications, but she is best known as the initiator of the so-called "campaign sampler," commemorating such events as the founding of the first women's club in America. When studying the history of this first club before designing her sampler, Mrs. Harbeson discovered that, in 1804, a minister's wife in Concord, New Hampshire called her friends together to aid the cause of foreign missions. The ladies saved their pennies and held meetings for "cent

donations to save the heathen." With only these simple facts to work on, Mrs. Harbeson designed a distinguished sampler to represent the seal of the State. A classic New England church with a fine steeple is worked in white silk. The minister and his wife are shown, surrounded by ladies dressed in the fashion of the period. The church choir, symbolizing Sisters of Mercy, are pictured in the background.

One of the campaign samplers designed by Mrs. Harbeson was used in the "Adopt a Family" drive presided over by Mrs. August Belmont, whose committee endeavored to help needy children. The central symbol of this sampler is the full basket, implying the bringing of happiness and abundance to the boy and girl pictured in the design. Bluebirds, always harbingers of joy, gaily carry a ribbon inscribed, "Spirit of '33"; a pet dog and a squirrel are pictured begging for a share of the good things. A verse adapted from an early sampler is also included, enclosed in a heart-shaped wreath of forget-me-nots held by two pink-and-blue angels. Beneath the flowering heart, on either side, is the embroidered legend, "Welfare Relief, Work Against Want."

Mrs. Harbeson, who has a son in the armed forces, has recently designed what she calls the "Service Record Sampler." The center is devoted to the person in whose honor the sampler is being embroidered—his or her name, the date of induction or enlistment, rating, and a space entitled, "Ended Service In:—" This is flanked by a soldier at attention, and, in a square above his head, Army tents and an American flag. On the other side, a sailor is blowing a bugle, while a United States destroyer is sailing the ocean blue with an airplane flying in the sky. The sampler is dominated by the American eagle carrying a pennant in his beak which reads "National Defense." Another pennant, at the bottom, completes the symmetry of the design, reading, "For Liberty and Freedom." Stars are scattered throughout, and *U.S.A.* is stitched in bold letters on the top. This design may be used as a model for a WAC or WAVE sampler, or for any of the other women's services, by merely changing the soldier and sailor to female figures with the proper insignia and uniform.

One of the most popular contemporary samplers dedicated to this war was designed by Margarita Gibbons, who has many modern samplers to her credit. It is a "Buy More War Bonds" design, with the American Flag dominating the canvas on a background of richly colored (Continued on page 32)



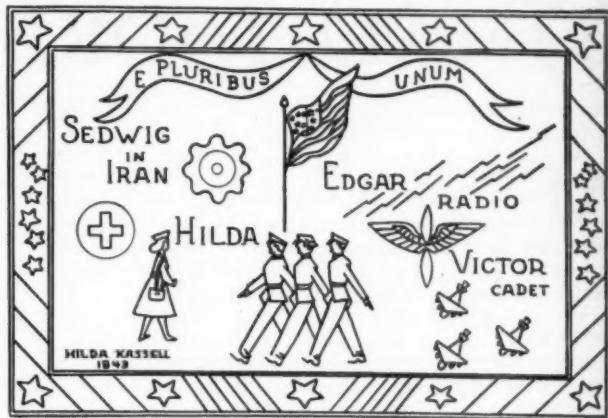
THE CAP OF THE PROBATIONARY NURSE



CROSSED FLAGS OF U.S. SIGNAL CORPS



A SERVICE SAMPLER DESIGNED BY MRS. GEORGIANA BROWN HARBESEN



DESIGN FOR A SAMPLER CREATED BY MISS MARGARITA GIBBONS FOR THE AUTHOR, WHICH SYMBOLIZES FAMILY WAR SERVICES



ORIGINAL SAMPLER DESIGNED AND WORKED BY MRS. HARBESEN TO COMMEMORATE THE FOUNDING OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FEMALE CENT SOCIETY, FIRST WOMAN'S ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA. BELOW AND LEFT: INSIGNIA OF SOME OF THE SERVICES WHICH MAY BE USED IN DESIGNING SAMPLERS



INSIGNE OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE



CAP INSIGNE OF ENLISTED MEN (U.S. ARMY)



WOMEN'S RESERVE, U.S. COAST GUARD (SPARS)



INSIGNE OF A HOSPITAL DIETICIAN

# SMALL CORNER

By  
LOULA  
GRACE  
ERDMAN

MY NAME is Becky Linton. I go to Allen High, which is the best school in town although you could never get any of the other schools to admit it. I have blue eyes and red hair, and some freckles on my nose which get worse in summertime when I play tennis and swim. I am sixteen years old, and I have Executive Ability. That's what started all the trouble.

It was like this. Daddy owns a grocery store, and you know what that means now. What with points and ceiling prices, and all the boys who used to help gone off to war, and women not being able to find their red and blue stamps and forgetting when coupons run out—well, he just about went mad. And Mother said—my goodness, she guessed she'd better go down and help him before his blood pressure reached the danger point, and so off she went. Which is all very fine, for Mother has a soothing way with women who lose their ration books, or the ones who can't figure what to do with those extra two points they have.

It's pretty hard on Mother, though, for she works early and late, and then she has the house and Daddy and me on her hands when she comes home. And you can't get help for love or money now, and even the laundries are very independent about sending back Daddy's shirts under a month's time.

My friends' mothers are all doing war work. Jeanie's mother wouldn't think of letting a troop train go through town without being there to pass out cookies and things, though how she knows they are coming is beyond me, for I thought such matters were military secrets. Pete's mother does U.S.O. work, and Millicent's dad says Millicent's mother has knitted so many sweaters and things for the Army that the Government had to take over the wool output in self-defense. All the other mothers I know are rolling bandages, or taking nurse's aid, or sewing for the Red Cross, or doing something about the war.

Now I know very well that my mother hasn't a minute for anything like that, but I began to think—is the Linton family the only one in town that's not in war work? I felt pretty sensitive about it. All the time I knew Daddy was buying bonds like nobody's business, and I bought stamps myself and did my part in drives and things. And yet—there it was.

About this time, they took a poll at school—they needed some extra copy for the paper, I believe—and I was voted by the students and faculty to be the girl with the greatest executive ability. I wasn't quite sure what they meant by this, and I don't expect they were, either. It came, I imagine, mostly because of my having red hair and looking energetic even when I'm ready to fold up in a heap. But, anyway, they took my picture and put it on an inside page of the school paper, and everyone said it was a good choice and pretty soon I got to thinking so myself.

IT WAS at that moment the Victory Book Drive hit our school. Mr. Curtis, our principal, gave us a very nice talk about it, and all the class officers talked, too, and everyone was urged to bring books. The other schools in town were in on the drive, so we knew we'd have to work hard to keep up our reputation. They told us to be sure to bring good books—ones the soldiers would enjoy, and not old ones ready to fall to pieces, either.

I was on the committee to check the books that came in. That's the reason I knew how the drive was coming on. Some of the kids brought good books, of course, appropriate ones from their own libraries, or new ones bought for the purpose, but the others—well, I was ashamed and disgusted. Minnie Farrell brought two copies of *The Bobbsy Twins*, and Karen Dunn

*Becky Linton dreamed big dreams about her part in war work, but she overlooked an opportunity at home*

Illustrated by MARY C. HIGHSIMTH

brought *Elsie Dinsmore*. They had both erased their names from the flyleaves, but I recognized the books, anyway, because I had borrowed them in days past.

I could not imagine a soldier's sitting down after a hard day's fighting to read *Elsie Dinsmore*, and I was afraid the other schools would get more books than we had. Wasn't there something we could do to bring in more books, and to improve the quality of those we did get? While I was considering that question an idea struck me.

"Becky Linton," I said to myself, "your family hasn't been able to do any war work, through no fault of their own, but what is wrong with your tackling a little on your own hook?"

There didn't seem to be any good reason why I shouldn't, so I went to see Miss Ready, our class sponsor.

"Miss Ready," I said earnestly, "we're not doing so much in this Book Drive. Couldn't we give a party in the gym and charge admission? I know the kids—excuse me, the boys and girls—would be willing to pay thirty-five cents apiece if it would go for war work. We ought to make a good bit that way, and we could put it toward the Book Drive."

Miss Ready said it sounded like a good idea. She said we'd put it before the class at a meeting that afternoon.

Mike Whitten is president of the class. Mike and I have known each other practically ever since



we were born. He does not hesitate to tell me when I am off the beam, nor do I fail to retort in kind. He said I might have something in that idea of mine, and we surely ought to try to beat the other schools. He said he'd put it before the class, and that we ought to make twenty-five dollars, anyway.

I opened my mouth to say, "Why, Mike Whitten, we'll make a hundred dollars as easy as not." But I shut it again. It would be more fun to surprise everyone. I am very grateful that I shut my mouth. It is the one thing about the whole matter on which I can look back with pride.

It is wonderful what a reputation can do. The class listened attentively while I put my plan before them. Of course Baby Geisler ate peanuts all the time I talked, and Frank Douglas and some of his crowd read funny books, but I had not expected undivided attention. They voted to have the party in the gym, and to put me in charge of all arrangements. I thanked them for their vote of confidence, and appointed a committee to go with me to ask Mr. Curtis if we might have the party, and what night we might have the gym.

Mr. Curtis is a grand person. He likes us to have ideas, but he does not want those ideas to run away with us.

"Becky," he said, "it's a good idea all right, and I want our school to show up well in the drive. But isn't it rather close to the end of the term? Do you think you should undertake so much right now?"

I told him I thought we could handle the party—and what night could we have the gym?

He looked over the school calendar and found a Friday night that wasn't taken. That would do, he said, if we wanted it. I asked the committee, and they said to do whatever I thought best, so we took it.

I was so excited that night I couldn't go to sleep. I could see our class making more than the hundred dollars I had set my heart on. It was such a good idea that perhaps all the other schools would take it up. Maybe schools all over the country would begin having parties to pay for books in the Book Drive. And maybe they'd call them "Becky Linton parties," because I was the one who started them. And hundreds—well, maybe thousands—of soldiers would write and thank me for what I was doing. Maybe the President himself would decorate me, or something. It was a good thing I dropped off to sleep about then, for that dream of mine had grown too big for one person's head, anyway.

It looked as if I had found my war work sure enough, and I was in it, up to my ears. Every time I went to Miss Ready with an idea, she said, "You're so capable, Becky. I'll just leave it to you." She is one of those teachers who believe in letting the students carry out their own plans, because it gives them experience.

I had never given a party of such proportions before—indeed, I had hardly ever given a party, period—so the idea of running this one practically single-handed left me feeling a little flat. Mike was no help, either. Mr. Barbour had taken this time to crack down, very hard, in chemistry, and Mike had about all he could manage. And while nobody actually said so, it seemed to me

that most of the class were thinking that, as it was my idea in the first place and I had Executive Ability, I should engineer the whole thing myself.

I had some good people on my committees, and some very poor ones. But, good or poor, nothing seemed to get done unless I stayed behind and pushed.

We all knew we must have different sorts of entertainment. Some of the boys would want to play ping-pong, though why they'd come to a party just to bat a ball around all evening was beyond me. There were some who liked table games, and we had to think of them, too. Then we thought we ought to have some stunts, and nobody could agree on what they should be. We wanted music, of course, so we could dance, and we asked the school orchestra if they would play for us. They said probably they could, but they weren't too cordial. One would think they'd jump at a chance to do some patriotic work.

We almost came to blows over the decorations. I thought it was perfectly silly to have them, for that would add to our expenses. But the rest of the committee pointed out that the gym was pretty bare-looking with nothing but basketball goals up to break the monotony, and that it wouldn't seem like a party unless we made the place look a little festive.

Somebody said we could rent some palms from a greenhouse. We investigated, and they said we could rent them for a dollar and a half apiece and furnish our own transportation. I practically swooned, for, of course, nobody had any gas. Then Hattie Callaway, a meek little thing, said her Uncle Otto was an undertaker, and she thought he'd let us use his palms if he wasn't having a funeral that day. We told *(Continued on page 29)*



WHEN DADDY CAME IN, HE LOOKED PRETTY SURPRISED



TOP: MRS. CASSELMAN, LEADER, AND HER TROOP, NUMBER NINETY-ONE OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, DISCOVER THAT A TROOP MEETING WITH SINGING CAN BE HELD SUCCESSFULLY WITHIN THE WALLS OF A TRAILER

ABOVE CENTER: THE TRAILERTOWN TROOP OF SCOUTS MAKES ITSELF USEFUL TO ITS COMMUNITY IN MANY WAYS. IT TOOK PRIDE IN COMPILED TWENTY TRAILER-SAFETY RULES. HERE SCOUTS ARE REPAIRING A BOARDWALK

LEFT: COOK, FOODS, AND HOSTESS BADGES GET JUST AS MUCH ATTENTION IN TRAILERTOWN AS ANYWHERE ELSE. THIS GIRL SCOUT DEMONSTRATES HER SKILL ON THE BUILT-IN STOVE UNIT IN A COMPACT TRAILER KITCHEN



## HERE ARE THE GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP NINETY-ONE, TRAILERTOWN

*In March, 1943, Girl Scout Troop 91 in Trailertown, Middle River, Md., typically American members and their families, coming from homes a number of miles away or by rowboat, in all kinds of weather*



LEFT AND BELOW: SMILES ARE IN ORDER IN TROOP NINETY-ONE OF TRAILERTOWN, MARYLAND



## AILTOWN, MARYLAND

Troop ninety-one was organized in a trailer town, Maryland, near a big war plant. Its members are enthusiastic Scouts, some of them members away on foot, on ice skates, and others who come to attend troop meetings



TOP: LIFE IN A TRAILER ON A RAINY DAY CAN BE FUN. THESE TWO FRIENDS CURL UP TO STUDY THEIR GIRL SCOUT HANDBOOK IN A HOMEY CORNER—AND FORGET THE WEATHER

ABOVE CENTER: GIRL SCOUTS DEMONSTRATE HOSPITAL NEATNESS WHICH IS A NECESSITY TO ALL THOSE WHO CALL A TRAILER HOME

RIGHT: TRAILER DWELLERS MUST HAVE SYSTEM IN KEEPING NECESSITIES IN A SMALL SPACE. SCOUT TRAINING HELPS THIS GIRL TO LIVE EFFICIENTLY AND COMFORTABLY IN A HOME THAT PRESENTS MANY SPACE PROBLEMS

LEFT: EVEN PETS ARE POSSIBLE IN TRAILERS IF THEY ARE SMALL ENOUGH. THIS WHITE PUSS IS THE PRIDE OF THE BROWNIE ON THE LEFT

Photographs by Paul Parker





Sketches by  
KATHLEEN KELLY

IT IS spring! Time to get out and stretch and enjoy the sunshine, smell the good spring air, and have some fun. Perhaps your troop will be planning an all-day hike soon—but chances are that it may be some weeks before you can organize and plan for such a big occasion. Don't let that delay keep you indoors. Get out around your own neighborhood, and see what is there to make outdoor fun. Suggest that your troop walk to the park in troop meeting time, some lovely spring day when it is "too nice to stay indoors," or go

exploring your troop-meeting neighborhood for signs of spring, or other great discoveries.

There is much in the way of preparation and practicing that can go on to stretch your outdoor fun over all the season. Listed below are some suggestions that may help you. Look them over, suggest them in your troop's program planning sessions, and see what can be done to put the *outing* in your Girl Scouting.

If you will check over the badges in the outdoor field, you



#### MAKE YOUR OWN EQUIPMENT

OUTDOOR activities are more fun when you have the right equipment. You can buy expensive things from sporting goods stores—or you can make them yourself. It's more fun to make them, and you can make things your own by a special design or decoration. Troop meetings are good times to make equipment. Why not try these?

#### FOR YOURSELF

Hike kits—for your shoulder or belt. Cocoanut bowls—from cocoanut shells. Wooden noggins from blocks of wood. Duffel bags or ditty bags for camping.

#### FOR THE TROOP

First Aid kits. (Ask your leader to show you *Safety-Wise*.)

Bird and tree and flower pictures mounted to use for games.

Camp cooking files of recipes.

This is only a beginning. Your troop leader's *Girl Scout Leader* in the spring issues will have pages of suggestions. There is a reprint which will help—*Camp Equipment You Can Make Yourself*, catalog No. 19-603 (5c). Write for it to Girl Scouts, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.



#### BE A VICTORY GARDENER

IT IS a real war service to have a Victory Garden, and all Girl Scouts are urged to help increase food production through gardens; or as Farm Aides (a program for Senior girls).

Gardening is a fine outdoor activity. You help things grow; you get acquainted with all kinds of nature things; you get a good sun-tan; you get good exercise. And, best of all, your family has good fresh vegetables to eat that taste better than any other vegetables anywhere. There are more vitamins in them, too, compared to those which have stood on store shelves.

See what is happening in your town, or in your camp, and see if you can't lend a hand.

Have a garden at home  
Help a neighbor have a garden  
Help in a troop or patrol garden  
Help in a camp garden  
Help in a service garden for a hospital or other institution

Plan carefully, get good advice, and stick to your garden *all through the summer*.

The "victory model" of the requirements for the *Gardener* badge is described in a booklet, *Victory Gardens*, available for five cents from the Program Division, Girl Scouts.



#### HIKE FOR THE FUN OF IT

WALKING does not need to be just a way of getting somewhere. People who like to walk for the fun of walking spend their holidays and vacations hiking over the countryside, or up and down hills. You'll like it, too, when you begin to take walks purely for fun.

The *Foot Traveler* badge may start you off collecting miles—and you will have chosen a fine hobby. Walking is fun alone, but most people like it in small groups.

To really enjoy hiking, you need the right kind of clothes—not fancy ones, but good comfortable skirts, or slacks, or shorts, a sweater in case the weather turns cool, and comfortable, not-too-new shoes with support for your feet. Socks, or stockings without darns in the feet, help prevent blisters; wool socks are best.

Learn to swing along, and really hike. Learn how to rest when you stop. Keep your hands free to push bushes aside, or pick up interesting stones or nuts. Hang your lunch, your camera, or your sketch pad over your shoulder—in a hike kit.

Stop often to see the scenery, or to look at things on the way. Sometimes, while you are resting, you may like to sketch a scene, a flower, a leaf, or another hiker.

# TO GO OUTDOORS

by CATHERINE T. HAMMETT  
Girl Scout National Staff



will see that many of the suggestions listed here will fit into those projects. *Foot Traveler*, *Outdoor Cook*, and *Explorer* are good badges to start on in the spring. There are outdoor activities in other fields, too. All of the *Nature* badges are part of the outdoor program; you couldn't very well do a tree badge just looking out of the window, or a bird badge from the library. Some of the *Sports and Games* and *Health and Safety* badges have outdoor fun in them, too. There is music to sing on hikes; sketching is fun to record the scenes you see, or

the antics of fellow hikers. Hikes and outings make good topics for literary efforts—and there we are in another field.

Want some help in all of this? Look up the Outdoor Section of your Girl Scout Handbook. Ask your leader if she has a copy of *The Leaders' Nature Guide* and *Safety-Wise*. Perhaps your library, or your local Council office, will have *Campcraft ABC's* to help with lashing and knots. Ask your librarian for other books that will help—there are many, including stories of campers who had fun out-of-doors.



## GET TO KNOW OUTDOOR THINGS

STOP awhile, when you are outdoors, and look around. There are all kinds of interesting creatures and things with which to get acquainted.

Look at birds, or flowers, or rocks. Learn to know them by what they look like, starting with one or two.

Many things are fun to watch, even if you don't know names. Did you ever watch ants around an ant hill? Or a bug meandering up a path? Did you ever look at two bits of stone, and notice how different they are? Did you ever stop to watch clouds in the sky?

Trees are fine acquaintances, for they always stay in the same place, yet they are always changing. Spring, summer, fall, and winter they have different wardrobes. Pick out a tree on your way to school, and notice it every day. Make a notebook about it. If all the girls in your troop would do the same thing, you could have fun going to visit the trees once in a while.

Pictures will help you get acquainted with birds, or flowers, or insects. Learn from pictures about some of these which you are likely to meet in your neighborhood—and you will be pleased to recognize them when you meet them outdoors some day.

## USE YOUR IMAGINATION

YOU don't need a forest to have outdoor fun. Lots of things can happen in your own neighborhood. Let your imaginations help out in inventing ways to cook, and discovering things to do around your own homes. You'll be surprised to learn how many adventures lie near at hand.

Use fireplaces in yards for short cook-outs. Tin-can stoves, or charcoal stoves, may be used in driveways, school yards, sometimes in parks, or on skyscraper roofs. Last year some Girl Scouts cooked on a metal wheelbarrow filled with dirt, on which they used bricks to make a fireplace; when the party was over, they just wheeled this novel fireplace away with them.

Girls with bright ideas can often make something useful out of what is at hand. Tin cans can become wonderful bits of equipment, string and twigs can be converted into furniture.

When fuel is scarce, use newspapers rolled in long rolls, tied, and cut in two inch pieces. Soak each section in hot, melted candle stubs or paraffin for about twenty minutes. Push up the center to form a cone which will light easily. Burners can be made from coffee tins filled with melted wax, with a cardboard wick.

## LEARN TO USE OUTDOOR TOOLS

YOU can do more in the out-of-doors when you know how to use tools. You need to know how to get your tools in good condition, and how to keep them that way. You need to practice until you can handle tools easily and safely. Practice in troop meetings, so you'll be ready when you go out hiking, or when you go to camp.

Here are some suggestions which you will find helpful:

Learn to sharpen, clean, and oil a jack-knife so it is always ready for good use. Learn where and how to cut a green stick properly. Learn to point it. Progress to whittling; then learn to polish and finish your wood treasure.

Knots and lashings are tools, too. They can be very useful outdoors, especially for putting up temporary equipment when you are camping.

A compass is fine for trails, mapping, and games. Learn to go cross-country by compass. Learn to tell directions by a watch and by the stars. Start mapping by simple sketch maps showing your troop meeting neighborhood.

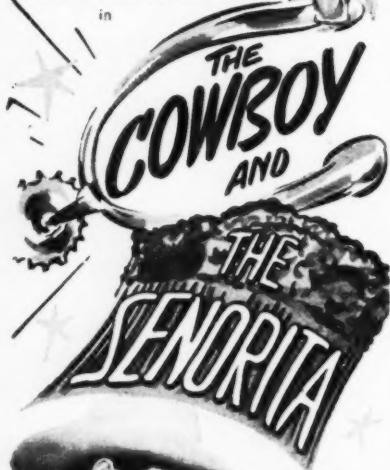
As you advance, learn how to handle a handaxe, and later a two-handed axe—properly, and therefore safely.



for a lovely lady . . .  
Roy tops the gayest of  
the gay caballeros...in  
this bright, sparkling  
musical adventure.

# ROY ROGERS KING OF THE COWBOYS TRIGGER

SMARTEST HORSE  
IN THE MOVIES



with  
**DALE EVANS**  
**MARY LEE**  
John Hubbard  
Guinn "Big Boy" Williams  
Fuzzy Knight  
and **BOB NOLAN** and  
**THE SONS of the PIONEERS**

**SONGS:** "The Cowboy and the Senorita" - "What'll I Do For Money" - "Enchilada Man" - "Brazos Meets" - "Around Her Neck She Wore A Yellow Ribbon" - "Buckaroo Bugle Boy"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

## MAN'S BEST FRIEND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

telegraph wires. All of the garrison's homing pigeons were killed. There was no way to get word to the French army. When hope was practically abandoned, Satan was seen coming toward the garrison. He was skimming over the shell-torn ground so rapidly that the men said he was flying. A bullet from a German gun sent him to the ground, but he struggled up again. With one of his legs dangling from the hip, he ran on—into the grateful arms of the men of the garrison. In the metal tube on his collar was a message, "Hold on. Will send troops to relieve you tomorrow." The message was signed by a well known officer.

But the metal tube with its cheering words was not all Satan had brought. Across his shoulders were two baskets of homing pigeons.

One of the men snatched a pad of paper and scrawled this message, "Silence the battery on the left." He included the battery's exact position, folded the message, and tucked a copy of it into the aluminum capsule on the leg of each pigeon. The birds were then released. German rifles cracked. One of the little carriers fell. The other flew on, straight into his loft. The message in the capsule was read and the big French guns turned their fire on the German battery. The town was saved.

But to return to the training of dogs for service in the present war: Not long ago an interesting experiment was made with a dog far out in the field, away from the sound of the trainer's voice. He was equipped with a short-wave radio receiving set, with a tiny speaker built into it. The trainer spoke his commands through a microphone, and the dog heard and responded just as quickly and efficiently as if his trainer had been at his side.

Although new ways in which dogs can serve are continually being found, the dog's usefulness in Red Cross work can hardly be surpassed. Trained to seek out the injured, he stands quietly by while the soldier helps himself to the supplies which the dog carries; then the faithful animal returns to headquarters and leads a medical worker back to the wounded man.

Each soldier feeds his own dog, and the dog is trained to accept food from no one else. The animals are fed fresh or frozen horse meat, once a day, and kibbled food, which is a kind of broken-up dog biscuit.

When the training is completed—when the dog messengers, sentinels, and medical corps workers have had their various lessons, when all have learned to walk through clouds of chemical smoke, to work unperturbed while firecrackers, torpedoes, and guns are discharged near by—graduation takes place.

If the graduate is a sentry dog, a regular identification tag that reads, "U. S. Army Dog Sentry," is attached to his collar. Out of camp, he is sent to his post of duty. He may have a job on patrol or guard duty in the field, at a military installation, or at an arms plant.

Owners are not informed as to where their pets are being assigned to duty, but they can rest assured that Blackie, or Ginger, or Mike is receiving the very best of care. A Government veterinarian weighs and inspects the dogs frequently, and each dog is combed and brushed regularly. The periods of work are carefully arranged. A sentry dog works eight hours a night, with one night a week off.

In England, where the heavy fogs make guarding the invasion coasts a difficult task, guard dogs have been most helpful. Russia's dog corps drops by parachute, with the paratroopers, to care for message delivery. Finland's dog reserve, expertly trained for battle duties, has been taught to wear gas masks. No, in the training of war dogs, the United States is not a pioneer. The warring peoples of history have been frequently mentioned as using dogs.

In only one phase of the dog's call to the colors can the United States claim originality. That is in the enrolling of 4-F dogs. To make it possible for all doggies to join in the war effort, *Dogs for Defense* devised a new plan. Of the twenty million dogs in the United States, only a scant two million can measure up to Army regulations. If your pet is one that can't make the grade, you can send a dollar to the War Dog Fund, 250 Park Avenue, New York City, and have him enrolled in the Civilian Canine Corps as a private; or if it's the Navy he craves, he can become a seaman. Five dollars will win him the rank of sergeant, or chief petty officer, while a devoted owner can send the fund a check for \$100.00 and automatically make his pup a general. This money is used in defraying the expenses of procuring and training dogs for the armed forces. Following the same principle that we do, who can't fight ourselves but buy bonds to support those who can, the dogs on the home front enroll in the Civilian Canine Corps to assist their canine brothers who can qualify for first line service.

The letters that come into the War Dog Fund, "written personally" by the dog enrollees themselves, are amusing. Sociable Sal, the dog of Franklin N. Brigham of Philadelphia, had this to say:

"I am an English bulldog who is too old to get into this fight, but who still has the pep to take care of the house while the mistress works in a war plant, and the old man builds factories to make the things to knock out the Axis.

"I want to be a seaman because, somewhere in the seven seas, a couple of kids from my house are on the submarines that are knocking the spots off the Japs and the Germans, and I wish that I was with them to do my share. There is another lad from the house in the Army, but he has bars on his shoulders and can take care of himself, so just make me a seaman to help out the younger kids.

"Very truly yours,

"Sociable Sal"

An outstanding dog on the home front is a little black-and-white fox terrier called Normay Saddler. Saddler is only fifteen inches high, so he couldn't be an Army dog; but he has joined the Civilian Canine Corps and is donating his show winnings, stud fees, and dog food testimonial pay. Since Pearl Harbor his total contributions have run over fifteen thousand dollars.

Truly, our dogs are something more than mere pets. They are proving themselves an important asset in the Nation's war effort. And when the peace is won, some of the most interesting pages in the story of the war will be those that tell of their achievements.

**ALL THE** *Comforts* **OF ROAM!**



***There's one thing every wide-awake boy and girl likes to do. That is to go places. And we're looking ahead to the day when you can enjoy the thrill of streaking across the country on a super train — taking it easy — with plenty of room — and all at a very moderate price. That's our idea of the way to serve passengers. You know as well as we do why it can't be done now.***

***Half of all our passenger equipment is busy moving fighting men. The rest has to take care of all the increased travel***

***that war causes. But the day will come when many of today's coaches and Pullman cars can be honorably discharged. We're looking ahead to new kinds of cars, with new conveniences, and with more comforts than ever. Of course that will take money — lots of it. And it will take time. But it's on the way, and the goal is to give future America the finest transportation the world has ever seen.***

**ASSOCIATION OF  
AMERICAN RAILROADS  
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY**





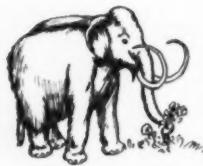
## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### FROM WASTELAND TO WONDERLAND

A huge frozen wilderness, haunted by terror—that used to be the popular idea of Siberia, an idea which tends to linger on, even today. And yet it's out of line with reality. For though huge Siberia still covers almost one seventh of the earth's surface, and though it's still tight-frozen in winter, it's no longer a region of terror.

The old Siberia of the Czars was not, perhaps, as terrible as it was supposed to be. Within its borders were a few quite normal communities. But, by and large, the Czars made it a tremendous prison. The road to Siberia was, too often, a road of martyrdom. Along it, year after year, common criminals



and political exiles trudged eastward in clanking chains. A man could be sent to Siberia for reasons which now seem fantastic. He could be exiled for smoking tobacco, for instance, or for taking snuff, or for telling fortunes.

Sometimes it took prisoners four years to reach their Siberian destinations. They moved in groups called "convos." Now and then, before a convoy could get to its bleak goal, half its prisoners had died.

Emil Lengyel, in his book, *Siberia*, tells about the changes which have come over this north-Asia territory between the Ural Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. At first, when the men of the Soviets took over, they were not much more intelligent about Siberia than the Czars had been. Gradually they grew to realize that Russia's destiny was linked with Asia as well as with Europe. Also, they were afraid of invasion. If Siberia could be made Russia's powerhouse, her granary, her arsenal, instead of her neglected back yard, Russia might be invulnerable.

Within Siberia's five million square miles only ten million people lived—one person to each two square miles—though, if Siberia had been as thickly populated as Europe, it could have boasted two hundred and twelve millions. Something had to be done about this matter of population, said the men of the Soviets.

In accordance with their planning, their

frequently drastic decrees, Russia's center of population slid eastward. This shifting grew much more rapid after Germany attacked Russia. Millions burned their villages in the face of oncoming invaders, and trekked beyond the Urals. There, blast furnaces, smelters, hydroelectric plants began to cover the fields in three great industrial bases, each destined to resemble Pittsburgh. Mines which had been yielding just a trickle of ore stepped up their output. Even if Germany should grab all European Russia, Soviet spokesmen said, Russia could fall back on Siberia for war supplies and fight on.

Such a mass retreat proved unnecessary, but Siberia's industrial development did not slow down. Now, thanks to Siberia, Russia's iron and steel and machine production has zoomed above Japan's.

In agriculture, as in industry, Siberia has been zipping along. Its southern areas, the treeless steppes, are now one of Russia's great granaries. Soviet plant experts have pushed the growing of sugar beets and tobacco well past the experimental stage. They are hoping, now, to make parts of Siberia yield luscious mountains of fruit. In their fruit growing efforts they've had to reckon with storms called *purgas*, which lash the Siberian subarctic with unbelievable force. Bitter, hurricane blasts strip the snow from the shivering ground. They had always killed any trees which hopeful farmers set out.

The experts think they've found a way to beat the terrible *purgas*. They build fences around orchards, to keep the snow from blowing away. By means of these, and by pruning and by pinning down branches so they run along the ground like vines, they succeed in getting a complete, protective snow cover each winter. Result: good apples, pears, and cherries.

Russians, we're told, think of the new Siberia as a wonderland rich in promise.

Even before Siberia emerged as a treasurehouse, American travelers had been bringing back interesting stories from there. They had told, among other things, of the finding of dead mammoths—those shaggy, prehistoric elephants—in ice tombs which had been burst open by spring floods. The great creatures' bodies had lain, as though in cold storage, for four hundred thousand years. When exposed, at last, they were in a state of almost perfect preservation.

Siberia is bound to prove more and more interesting to Americans, for it's a near neighbor of ours. At one point it's less than forty miles from Alaska.

Such very close neighbors will, we trust, stay very close friends.

### THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE AXIS

He has the sensitive profile of a poet, the sturdy legs of a peasant, the heart of a born fighter. For many years he was a man of mystery. His name? Josip (Joseph) Broz. But he's better known as Tito.

Tito was born fifty-five years ago on a farm in northern Yugoslavia. He had little formal education; the village priest taught him to read. Open-air chores gave his naturally strong body even greater strength.

When he was twenty-four, he was drafted into the Austro-Hungarian army when World War I broke out, for the Austrian Hapsburgs ruled his native land. Like many of the Yugoslavs, he hated the Hapsburgs. He was wounded in battle, was captured by the Russians. Since he liked the Russians better than the Austrians, he finally joined the Bolsheviks.

Coming back, at last, to Yugoslavia, he was one of the far-sighted people who guessed Hitler's real intentions. He began to rally a group of anti-Fascists. But his work had to be secret, so he adopted the "underground" name of Tito (pronounced Tee-toe) which is the Yugoslav version of the ancient Roman name Titus. Few, at that time, knew that Tito and Josip Broz were the same man.

When World War II came, Tito suffered intensely, for the Nazis, stabbing with their swift panzers, conquered Yugoslavia in just ten days. He and Draja Mihailovich became strong spearheads of resistance. Mihailovich, after leading a valiant struggle against the invaders, became embroiled in civil war. Many of his followers joined Tito, who began to organize one of the stoutest small armies in world history.

Lacking food, arms, ammunition, Tito's men went out and captured these things at a tragic price from the Germans and the Italians. Tito had a regular army, at last, of about a hundred and thirty thousand, and



guerrilla bands of some seventy thousand. In commandolike campaigns he has liberated, at this writing, about half of Yugoslavia.

One of his slogans is, "Death to all Fascists. Liberty for the people." That rallying cry helped him to raise an army, and the deep emotion it expresses is driving his army on.

## SMALL CORNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

her to ask him, and he sent back word we were welcome—providing, of course, there was no funeral—and that we could have them free, but we would have to pay for them if they were damaged. That was fair enough, so I immediately appointed bodyguards for the palms.

All this time the teachers didn't even seem to realize that I was running that Book Drive just about single-handed. They piled just as much work on me as they did on anyone else, and I was pretty well worn out when evening came. Mother was getting home late those evenings, too. And when she came in, there was the meal to cook and dishes to wash and things to do around the house. Sometimes we were so tired we just stacked the dishes, but that didn't help much for we were never any more rested the next day. Dad said—the heck, why couldn't Mother ever go to a show with him any more? And Mother said she just couldn't, if we were to eat and have clean beds to sleep in and be able to wade through the house. Daddy remarked that he was pretty sick of it and home wasn't home any more, and Mother said she knew it, but he had to have her in the store, didn't he? And he grumbled and said—yes, he did. And that settled it.

I was too busy to help. I was always calling someone for something. I had to call Mrs. Sydney and ask her if I could borrow her glass punch bowl and server, to use for the refreshments—and I borrowed glass cups from everybody in town.

I was pretty proud of our refreshments. I was dead set on having ice water and calling it Victory Punch, but the refreshment committee hit the ceiling and said we had to have something better. They pointed out that the boys wouldn't buy tickets to the party until they found out whether we were having refreshments, and the girls wouldn't come until they found out if the boys would be there. So I relented and said we'd have refreshments. And did they think fruit punch would be all right? They grumbled a little and finally said it would be better than nothing, if we had plenty of it and some sweet crackers, or cookies, to go with it.

Mrs. Sydney was very nice about lending her punch bowl and server. She said she would bring them to me herself except that the twins were sick, so I went for them after school. I have a weakness for twins, and the Sydney twins are especially nice ones. I picked them up and hugged them, even though they were both sick. They are just beginning to talk, but today they didn't say much. Mrs. Sydney said their throats were sore, and maybe I shouldn't be playing with them.

The ticket selling committee was giving me quite a bit of trouble. We had had about three hundred tickets made, and had issued them to be sold—very businesslike and everything. But when I tried to check up with the committee on how many had been sold, they were very vague and said they had a lot of promises. A person couldn't buy punch materials with promises, I told them, but they said I knew how it was—people wouldn't buy tickets until the last minute, and they'd just have to wait and check in, the night of the party. I knew that was the truth, so I went

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Famous Powers Model

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*What about your model life?* Take a tip from Lois. Get enough shut-eye and exercise. Eat right, too. Three good meals a day. And include Wheatus in breakfast.

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ahead and planned for three hundred, without telling anyone the goal I had set.

On the day of the party, I had so much to do getting everything set in the gym that I had only time enough to dash home and change my dress before the kids would start arriving. Mother was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking a cup of hot tea, when I came in. The house was chilly, for a cold spell had set in and everyone was shivering. She said she'd fry an egg for me and make some hot chocolate, but I told her I couldn't possibly choke down a bite—and, besides, I was needed back at school. And she said, party or no party, I was to sit down there and eat a sandwich and drink some milk. I did, but it went down hard. I thought it was because I was excited, but I know now my throat had already started getting sore.

I rushed on back to the gym. We will please skip the party. I don't like to think of it even yet. There were not so many people there. I tried to count them and figure what we could make at thirty-five cents a head, and I didn't like the answer. I told myself that there must have been many tickets sold that were not used. Everyone was coming to me about everything and I don't know what I told them, for my head was splitting and my throat felt worse by the minute.

The moment the kids arrived, they all wanted to dance—thank goodness, the orchestra had showed up in spite of their half promise! Dancing made everybody thirsty so they wanted the punch right away—and we had to serve it, though I had planned to wait until later in the evening.

Anyway, everything seemed to be going pretty well at that stage, in spite of minor

hitches, until Frank Douglas, who was dancing with Milly Wright, ran right against the table—and down it went, punch bowl, cups, cakes, ice, and all!

I shouted for something to mop up the mess with. Someone put a gym shirt into my hands and I was down on the floor in the icy lake, trying vainly to wipe it up. Baby Geisler, for the first time in his life, tried to be helpful and started out to hunt a mop. Just as he lumbered off over the wet, slippery floor, there was a crash—and a chorus of yelps from the gang.

"Good gracious," Mike shouted, "Baby's fallen on one of the palms!"

But the noise they all made together was nothing to the screams Hattie Callaway let out. "Uncle Otto's palm!" she kept screaming. "They've ruined Uncle Otto's palm!"

I wanted to slap her. I wanted to slap everybody. There I was down on the floor, in the midst of the icy punch, my feet wet and cold, my dress ruined, my throat feeling as if it were swollen shut, and my head throbbing. And there was Hattie squalling about an insignificant palm. From the way I felt, I'd be the next one Uncle Otto could use it on.

At that moment, in walked Mr. Curtis. He came straight toward me, and I had a feeling he was going to call me down for the racket.

"Becky," he said, "you're to go home immediately. There's a taxi waiting for you."

I kept on mopping. The janitor would charge extra for cleaning up the mess.

"Becky," Mr. Curtis said, very firmly this time, "you must go home. The doctor and the health officer are on their way to your house. Those Sydney twins have scarlet fever,

## Have a "Coke" = Meet a new friend



... or how to relax on leave

What more friendly way to welcome a soldier to a family gathering than the hearty invitation *Have a "Coke"*. It's like saying, *We're happy you're here*. So be sure you have Coca-Cola in your icebox at home. From "down under" to back in the U. S. A., Coca-Cola stands for the pause that refreshes,—has become the symbol of friendly folks the world over.



"Coke" = Coca-Cola  
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

and I understand you were playing with them day before yesterday."

I went home. I didn't care what happened to the party. Dr. Harrison and the health officer were at home waiting for me, and Daddy was just going out of the door with his suitcase in his hand.

"Stand back, Babe," he said. "I'm getting out."

Dr. Harrison looked at my throat and said it looked bad, but it was a little early to tell yet. I should go straight to bed, he said, and they would wait a day or two before putting the sign on the door.

I don't remember much about what happened those next two days. Mother had to stay home from the store and take care of me, and Daddy stayed at a hotel. He couldn't take a chance on coming down with scarlet fever, if I had it. I mostly wanted to sleep. The bed felt like an uneven, rocky ledge on a mountain path, and when I tried to get up, the floor swayed beneath me.

By Sunday night I felt better. I was hungry, and Mother brought me some soup. It tasted grand. I got up and tried to stand, and the floor obligingly stood still, so I knew the worst was over. About that time Dr. Harrison came by, and he was pretty sheepish. The Sydney twins had had nothing worse than a stomach rash—and when he looked down my throat, he said all I had was tonsilitis, and that it was better now.

"But one can't take chances," he remarked.

Things began to go back to normal. Dad came home from the hotel and said—gosh, it was good to be out of that! Mike called up, and I felt well enough to talk to him.

"Nice stunt you played," he said. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm all right," I told him. "No more scarlet fever than you have. I think it was a ruse to get rid of me. How did we come out?"

"Well," he said, "I paid the bills. Hattie's uncle had to have five dollars for the palm. It was ruined."

"You'd be ruined, too, if Baby Geisler fell on you," I said darkly.

"And then the janitor had to have a little extra for cleaning up the mess. And we had to have that end of the gym floor refinished. The punch took all the wax off."

"I was afraid of that," I sighed.

"And I don't suppose you knew the table fell on Mrs. Sydney's punch server and smashed it. But don't worry. We found one just like it—believe it or not—and bought it and took it to her. She'll never know the difference."

"Mike," I said, "stop torturing me. How much did we make?"

"Nine dollars and sixty cents," he said. "Mr. Curtis thought that was pretty good. And we all did. Everyone had a good time—and now that you don't have scarlet fever, everything's fine!"

Nine dollars and sixty cents! I replaced the receiver on the hook gently. Nine dollars and sixty cents! One hundred dollars had been my absolute minimum. The refreshments were about all the expense I had counted on. And we came out with nine dollars and sixty cents! I went back to bed.

Monday morning I still felt wobbly, so Mother said I'd better stay home. She was going to the store, but I was to stay in bed and not fuss with anything. She hated to leave me, but Daddy said things were one

(Continued on page 41)

## Are you part of every party?



HAVE there been "certain" times when you've felt you couldn't—or shouldn't—stay in the fun? Chances are, you're cheating yourself! Why not be *sure* of what's what for "difficult days"—get specific do's and don'ts in the bright new booklet, "As One Girl To Another"!

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## PERSONAL SAMPLERS

flowers. This design won first prize in a contest sponsored by the American Flag Association.

One of the most enthusiastic needlewomen of today is Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Many of Mrs. Roosevelt's samplers are already historic documents. Her success lies partly in the unique interest of her subjects, as she often portrays experiences in which she or members of her family have actually participated—and partly in her skill with the needle and her distinguished sense of design.

One of her famous pieces is a sampler commemorating her explorer husband's hunting expeditions. This design, done in needlepoint, abounds with interesting animals which General Roosevelt has hunted in various parts of the world—giant panda, rhinoceros, deer, birds, elephant, tiger, and lion; while the General himself is pictured, gun in hand, skipping along the pointed mountain tops, his head wrapped in a white turban.

Though Mrs. Roosevelt designs her own work, her husband takes a keen interest in his wife's hobby, frequently advising her in drawing rare animals and birds.

For the beginner, here are some basic suggestions. The first of these is to make up your mind what the central theme of your sampler is to be. If you decide to document American history, never lose sight of the fact that your efforts should justify the importance of the subject. Make your design simple, but full of meaning and worthy of your finest endeavor.

Then comes the committing of the design to paper. Your first step is to draw your picture on a sheet of strong, thin tracing paper, the exact size you wish your sampler to be. For really good results, India ink, applied with a pen or a fine brush, should be used. Then your outlines will be bold and clear.

No matter what material you plan to use, you must make sure, before transferring your design to the fabric, that the edges of the fabric (not necessarily the selvage) are neatly hemmed. If you are experienced in freehand drawing, by all means sketch the design from your final draft directly on the material. Most of the old samplers were drawn on the linen with a pen or pencil.

There are many methods of transferring a design to the surface of the embroidery fabric. The simplest is to place a sheet of carbon paper face down on the fabric, then place the tracing paper over the carbon paper, insert a small piece of paper in each corner under the carbon to prevent smudging the fabric; then pin the design to the material so that it will remain steady. Go over the entire design carefully with pencil. Do not let the weight of your hand rest on the paper too heavily, or the carbon may smudge. It might be wise to trace your pencil outline with India ink, especially if you plan to work on your sampler over a long period of time.

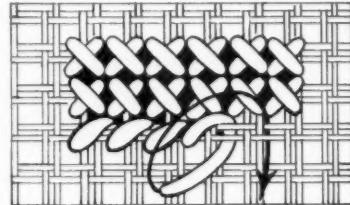
If the fabric you are using is transparent and your design is clearly marked on the tracing paper, you may find it advisable to place your design on a drawing board, pinning the material carefully over it and tracing the outline directly on the fabric. Some of the old samplers have bits of paper still sticking to them, which show that the outline was drawn on thin paper and placed under the linen, the design showing through and the paper being torn away after the embroidery was finished.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

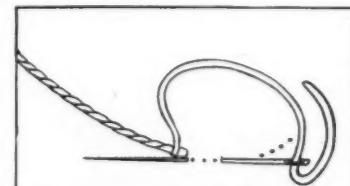
It is not always necessary to paint-in the colors. Experienced needleworkers find that, as they stitch, the design comes to life and inspiration guides them into subtle color schemes. If you should prefer, however, to color the design on the material in order to guide your stitches, use oil paint mixing it with *Textine*, a specially prepared product for oil painting on textiles. There are also colored drawing inks that may be used. (Turpentine is inclined to spread, and sometimes requires several days to dry; chalk and charcoal are somewhat satisfactory, but rub off easily and have to be reapplied constantly.)

Linen is a popular material for samplers, especially the loosely woven kinds. The preference for linen is because it offers the needleworker the opportunity to use various stitches. In the old samplers, the cross stitch and the needlepoint stitch (sometimes known as the tent stitch) were most commonly used, but later and more elaborate stitches—the French knot, the backstitch, feather stitch, and satin stitch are very much in evidence.

If you choose a mesh canvas for your fabric, it is preferable to get the single mesh and as fine a canvas as possible. With mesh canvas, a blunt tapestry needle should be used. The best stitches for canvas are the needlepoint or cross stitch. For the average needleworker, the following basic stitches are recommended as the most effective means of expressing and carrying out a design:



**CROSS STITCH:** Popularly referred to as the foundation of all stitchery. It is commonly asserted that if you can do the cross stitch, you can do almost all other kinds of stitching. It is worked the same way on plain fabric, or on mesh canvas; but when worked on fabric, it is advisable to use material with an even thread count and a well defined weave, in order to get your stitches even. Where a mesh canvas is used there is no problem, since the mesh outlines serve as guide. *Work from left to right, slanting the stitches one way, then back over the same row with stitches slanting the opposite way.*



**OUTLINE STITCH:** Sometimes used instead of the backstitch, and generally used for stems, outlining borders, and to emphasize designs. It is usually worked from left to right, keeping the thread above the needle, as illustrated, making certain that the needle is placed in the goods and brought out exactly on the line that the work is to follow. The stitches should lap.



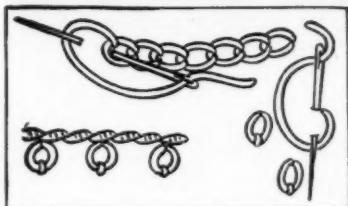
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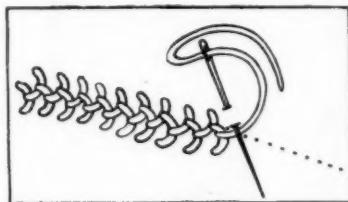
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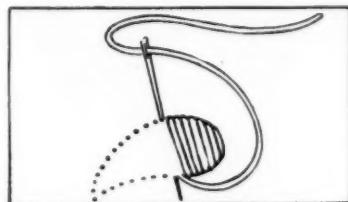
**TANGE**  
*Natural Lipstick*  
WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH



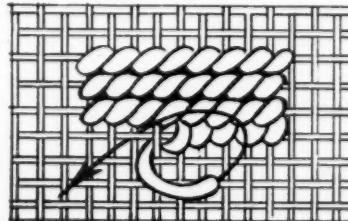
**CHAIN STITCH:** An effective stitch for small leaves and buds. When used in conjunction with the backstitch, it makes an interesting border. Hold the cloth toward you. Start at the right, placing the needle in the same hole where the thread was brought through, and take the stitch with the thread under the needle point. Repeat by passing the needle through the same way, bringing it about one-eighth inch in front of the previous stitch. Where the link is to stand by itself (as in a small leaf, or bud) the stitch is held down with an extra small stitch, as shown in the sketch.



**FEATHER STITCH:** Generally used for decorative outlines and borders. Can also be used to embroider a small bush, tree, and branches. Work from left to right, taking a stitch on one side, then on the other, of the center line with the thread under the needle point. Various stitch effects are obtained by the way the needle is pointed and by the spacing of the stitches. It is advisable to carry out the slant originally started, rather than to attempt different slants in the same outline.



**SATIN STITCH:** Simply straight stitches sewed close together, making a smooth covering or filling for whatever the design calls for. Generally used to fill in flowers, leaves, or other surfaces. If a raised surface is desired, then the outline should first be padded with small running stitches.



**TENT STITCH:** In reality half a cross stitch, and quicker to do. The tapestry needle (Continued on page 35)



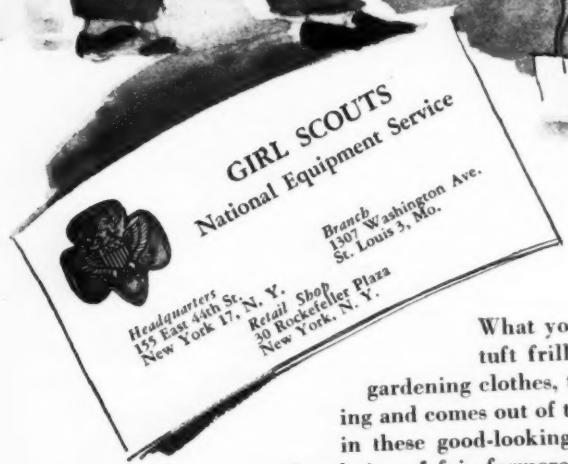
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Overalls, nice-fitting and cut high enough front and back to wear without a shirt if you're tanning while planting. Sizes 12-20.  
8-177—\$3.00

## PERSONAL SAMPLERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

is passed diagonally under two vertical threads. To obtain a longer stitch (known as the Gobelin) used to shade, or indicate effect of light on a subject, the needle is passed diagonally under three vertical threads.

A word of caution, if your design calls for a human face. From time immemorial, even the expert needlewoman has found the portrayal of the human face, through embroidery, a difficult achievement. Again we find our ancestors using ingenious means to overcome this handicap. Some children painted the faces of the people they were portraying; and from a sampler dated 1812, we find that water-color was used, though the tints have become faint with the lapse of years. Oils have also been used, but on heavy linen the effect is a little hard.

The simplest method of embroidering a human face, if you are not striving for realism, is to make two tiny cross stitches to indicate the eyes and a few red stitches for the mouth. Use silk floss for this work, if possible, even though the rest of your sampler may be embroidered in mercerized cotton (which is cheaper and is generally sold in six-strand skeins which can be separated for fine work). If you should prefer to use yarn, the fine, loosely twisted crewel yarn is recommended, especially since there is a large assortment of shades.

Only the design is embroidered in most samplers, and this is especially true of the old ones. The background is left in its original state. In that case, all the completed work would require would be careful mounting—assuming, of course, that the needle-worker has handled her work with caution and has not permitted it to become soiled. Though all embroidery threads are wash-proof, it is inadvisable to wash embroidery unless absolutely necessary.

## GIRL SCOUT SAMPLERS

By CHESTER MARSH

For many years, Girl Scouts have made samplers. They have stitched their dreams, their interests, and their daily duties into colorful designs and have thereby helped to earn proficiency badges in design, in color craft, and in needlecraft.

Many of them have worked on the Weaving badge and have woven the linen on which their designs were embroidered. They have even brewed dyes from wild flowers, vegetable, barks, and berries and have dyed skeins of embroidery wool with rich shades of rose, old gold, orchid, and green. Colors which bring back memories of happy days in tree-shaded camps have been stitched into harmonious designs—personal records of vivid, busy days.

A few years ago, an exhibit of Girl Scout samplers was assembled in Philadelphia. The samplers came from every State in the Union, and from girls of all ages. No two were alike, and the picture stories, painted with busy needles, gave evidence of the varied interests of Girl Scouts.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., whose own beautiful needlework has been an inspiration to girls throughout the country, was chairman of the committee that sponsored the exhibit. Among the hundreds of samplers shown, was



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an unusually well executed one which attracted special attention. It was a decorative picture map of Independence, Kansas, made by Beryl Adams, a fourteen-year-old Scout. Because of the interest aroused by Beryl's sampler, a study of needlecraft in Kansas was undertaken by Girl Scouts. Through this study, the first sampler made in the State was unearthed.

This sampler was made in pioneer days by a little girl named Abigail. Her first careful stitches were taken as she sat on the unsteady seat of a covered wagon. The Girl Scouts of that region carried on their study under the slogan, "Kansas Needlecraft from Abigail to Beryl."

## SIMPLY DEVASTATING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Della," he said, "it's still only Friday. But would you mind serving my breakfast promptly? I have an hour's work to do before I go to school."

"Work? In your best blue serge? Well, I give up. Ain't no figgerin' on you, boy. No figgerin' at all."

Elly's only comment, however, when Butch arrived with the lanky Bill Jones, was a sardonic, "I thought so!" — a remark aimed at the beautiful Miss Winslow who stood beside her in the dooryard, the rosy freshness of her morning dress held carefully away from the paint-smeared canvases then in transit from the cellar.

The scene-shifting crew, a trio of giggling sophomores, greeted Butch with raucous cries, but he had no eyes nor ears for them. She was there—and she was smiling. At him.

"Hello, gorgeous," she said.

"G-good morning," Butch choked. "Hi, Elly! What'd you want me to do?"

"I'd hate to tell you," Elly said. Then she relented somewhat. "Whatever possessed you to wear a suit?" she demanded. "The cellar's all coal dust. So there's nothing much you can do."

"But if you'd care to, Butch—" Miss Winslow's blue eyes were appealing—you could show me the way to your house."

"To—" Butch's throat was dry.

"Yes," Elly broke in, "Gertrude knows a lot about coaching. She's played, actually, in summer stock. Where was it now?"

"With the Candlelight Players in San Diego last season—only small parts, my dears. But when I heard that your English teacher was just getting over laryngitis, I called her up and offered to take over rehearsals tomorrow."

"*Miss Fellows*," said Elly meaningfully, "was delighted. So get going, Butch, or you'll be late for assembly again. And you know what old Spoofy said the last time."

Butch withered his erstwhile comrade with a look. "I'll be glad to take you, Miss Winslow."

"Just Gertrude, please."

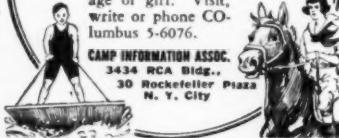
"Gertrude, then. And my mother can show you around the barn. That's all it is, really. We only call it a garage out of politeness. I'd like to explain the layout to you, but I'll have to pick up my books and dash."

**M**R. CONOVER, starting out on the long walk to the Patent Office—a walk which had now become a daily routine—turned back hastily into the house. "Molly," he whispered

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urgently, "come here, quick! Who's the vision in pink?"

Mrs. Conover was puzzled only for an instant. "Oh, I know. It's that Winslow girl. She is pretty."

"Pretty! She's a blond bombshell, if you ask me. Maybe I'll be late at the office."

"You get right along, Marv Conover," said his wife, meaning it. "And I'll see that Marvin isn't late for school, either. Bombshell, or no bombshell."

Nevertheless, being a wise woman, Mrs. Conover waited patiently in the background while her husband dallied at the gate with the golden-haired visitor, hid her feelings successfully as she heard Miss Winslow murmur, "Now I know where Butch gets his good looks," and even managed a reasonably convincing smile when the girl repeated that remark to her some ten minutes later.

The two were beside the dining room fire then. The truck had come and gone, leaving the lawn bestrewn with buckets of paint and canvas sidings. Butch, too, had departed for school.

In the kitchen Della was scolding. "He wouldn't take his lunch box. After I done put in two extra samwitches 'cause he ain't hadly tech his brekkfuss."

"Plenty good fillin' food at the school cafeteria," Doremus consoled her. "I ain't studyin' too much 'bout Butch an' his notions. He jes' didn't want that new girl to see him totin' so much to eat. All this ready-foh-the-Army talk done jump him up so far apart himself, he feel in duty boun' to fall in love."

"You got as many eyes as the potato you looks like," his wife scolded. "Miss Molly talkin' to dat new young lady mighty nice an' polite," she added admiringly.

Mrs. Conover was speaking enthusiastically to Miss Winslow about the play. "Marvin and Elly wrote every word of it themselves. Clever of them to choose the gay nineties as the period, with every old Georgetown attic just full of the right costumes. The proceeds will go to the Navy Relief. That should interest you, Miss Winslow. I see you're wearing an Annapolis ring."

The topaz sparkled as Gertrude held her slender left hand toward the fire. "Nice, isn't it?" she asked, and added musingly, "Stewart's still in San Diego."

"Yes?" Mrs. Conover prompted.

Indignation roughened Gertrude's voice. "Some foul old brass hat," she said, "canceled Stewart's leave twice! We had the date set for May, and then again in September. I didn't mind waiting at the church once, but twice is just too much. And after I hadn't made a single date with anybody else all summer, and one of the Candlelight boys was simply sweet, too! I think war is simply devastating, Mrs. Conover. Don't you?"

THE ensuing week was one which Mrs. Conover remembers with no pleasure. The play was to be given on Saturday evening, and rehearsals were a daily affair. Miss Winslow presided over these, earning Miss Fellows's hoarsely whispered gratitude and Butch's beaming devotion.

"She thinks Butch is her Seeing-Eye dog, or something," Elly complained to Mrs. Conover along about the middle of the week. "Look at him now, waiting on her hand and foot, the dope. Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Conover!"

"That's quite all right, dear. Tell me, Elly, does Marvin eat any lunch at school?"

"Ub-bub. Soup and grapefruit juice, most-



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ly. Says he's dieting, but he's not getting thin. Just kind of hollow-eyed. I think he looks simply poisonous."

"They're calling you, child. Better go see what they want."

"Oh, just to rehearse the second act. I suppose I'll have to go through with it again."

"Don't you want to?"

"No!" Elly scowled. "I thought this was going to be fun. We had stitches when we were writing the love scenes. Of course, they're silly, but we meant them to be that way. What do we know about such stuff? But now Butch acts so stiff and self-conscious, with Gertrude laughing at him, that he makes me feel embarrassed, too. Imagine feeling

embarrassed with Butch! I'll be glad when the whole thing is over and done."

"It soon will be," Butch's mother promised. "I have an idea—" A smile curved her lips, but she did not disclose the nature of her idea.

DRESS rehearsal of the play was set for eleven Saturday morning, but by ten o'clock the entire cast, made up and fully costumed, pervaded the Conover lawn, striking mock attitudes and otherwise making merry with whole-souled abandon.

The single exception to this hilarity was Butch, austere in the gloomy dignity of his grandfather's black broadcloth wedding suit.

(Continued on page 39)

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By MARJORIE CINTA

How would you feel if you were told you were really a German citizen, belonging to a large family of German brothers, sisters, and cousins, and must make your home with them? Can you imagine the lost, aching feeling—and at the same time the wild, hot rebellion—that would fill your heart? The opposite of this situation faced German Max Eckermann, in *Enemy Brothers* by Constance Savery (Longmans, \$2.50), when he was brought as a prisoner to England and it was proved that he had been kidnapped as a baby from his English family. Max was determined to hold fast to all he loved and had been taught to believe. The sympathetic understanding of his brother, Dym, never failed in the long difficult time during which Max slowly came to the realization of the difference between the English and the Nazi way of life. The background of England in wartime is authentic, for the English author lives in an area that has known the war firsthand.

For fun at home parties, and in those extra hours at home that gasoline rationing and travel restrictions bring, consult Joseph Leeming's *Games to Make and Play at Home* (Appleton, \$2). The games in this book can all be made at home from inexpensive materials. There are some old favorites and many new ones, both indoor and outdoor, and all promise hours of enjoyment for your whole household, or for your Girl Scout troop.

So many of you wrote to us commending *THE AMERICAN GIRL* article on heroes of this war, "The Honor and the Glory" by the late Randolph Bartlett, that we feel sure you will want to read *These Men Shall Never Die* (Winston, \$2) in which Lowell Thomas has compiled, from official records and photographs, an unforgettable account of the matchless courage of American fighting men. Here are the stories and pictures of seventy-two heroes, typical of American youth from town and farm, who fought for the survival of American freedom in that first year when we were short of equipment of all kinds. Now that America has become the

## LIVY PROVES his METTLE

"Now I lay you down to sleep  
I pray the Lord your soul to keep,  
Since now you never can awake  
I pray the Lord your soul to take."

Pamelia waited, then added, "Amen." The boy nodded to her briefly, and started off down the road in the other direction. It was raining hard by this time. Pamelia could feel the drops running along her scalp and down her neck all over her, pleasantly cool. The storm was wonderful. Where had the water come from that was pouring over her and all the world?

It came from the Mississippi and the Ohio certainly, those great rivers, and perhaps from the Gulf of Mexico. It had washed the sides of giant tortoises and sharks. Maybe the Great Lakes were in it. It felt like Niagara Falls, it felt like the breaking waves of the Pacific. These pelting, pouring, lightning-

world's greatest producer of armament, the American fighting spirit flames in men well armed and well equipped. These stories of the gallantry of youth, fighting so often with courage alone, stir the heart.

Mystery and Western enthusiasts will welcome *The Mystery of Yogo Creek* by Grace and Olive Barnett (Oxford, \$2), for it is a lively story of adventure and suspense in a Western setting. The responsibility of running the ranch inherited from their uncle was sobering enough to city-bred Dick, Anne, and Babs, but to make it more difficult, the house apparently held a secret which some enemy was plotting to possess. When the old foreman who, they were almost convinced, was their friend, disappeared under doubtful circumstances, Dick grew so suspicious he could no longer be sure who was friend or foe. But the courage of the young people and the help of a crazy hermit bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion.

*Disappearing Island* by Elisabeth Kyle (Houghton, \$2) is the tale of a fabulous, now-you-see-it now-you-don't island, lying like a "wee green saucer" between Ireland and the Scottish coast. It is fun to share Margot's and Peter's vacation in the north of Scotland, to know the Scots folk of Port Angus, and to make the acquaintance of herring gulls, eider ducks, and baby seals. For extra enjoyment, there's the tantalizing mystery of the island that's "not there at a," and the haunting question of whether or not Mrs. Finacune's boy was really lost, long ago, in a storm at sea.

*Twenty Little Pets from Everywhere* (Messner, \$2), by Raymond Ditmars, is beautifully illustrated by Helene Carter. There is a handsome map of the world, with all twenty of the strange pets poking their heads out of their native habitats. And what queer pets they are! Yet Dr. Ditmars writes about their cuddly, lovable traits with such affection that the reader longs to own any of the twenty—though a baby reindeer might be a bit awkward in a New York apartment.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

silvered drops of water may once have been spray along the beaches of South Sea islands.

By the time Pamelia and Livy had reached the farm they were both drenched. They looked half drowned, especially Pamelia, and Aunt gave her peppermint tea. When she remembered the man at the schoolhouse, he didn't seem important at all, but she did mention him at supper, among other things.

"I suppose he was some poor man tramping through to Kansas, hoping for shelter on a stormy night," Aunt said. "I do wish he'd come here and we could have put him up. Why didn't you send him to me, Pamelia?"

"He looked too dirty, Aunt," Pamelia explained. She had no words for the other things about him, the air half threatening, half coaxing, the smell of him, the yellow teeth.

"Dirt is no crime," Aunt reproved her  
(Continued on page 42)

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APRIL, 1944

## SIMPLY DEVASTATING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

He stood solemnly apart, and as his mother watched from within the house, he called Elly and bade her hold a small mirror before him, then took a heavy brown moustache from his coat pocket, licked its inner surface lavishly, and stuck it on his upper lip.

"Good gracious, Marvin!" Mrs. Conover opened a window, horrified. "Take that thing off!" And as Butch drew nearer, she added, "Take it off instantly! You're the perfect image of your Uncle Silas."

"Now," minced Elly, "I know where Butch gets his good looks."

"You're a wicked child, Elly," said Mrs. Conover. Her son's flashing grin, before he stalked away upon hearing that slur on his goddess, had been a delight to see once more. "Elly, wait," Mrs. Conover went on. "If Marvin asks for me, tell him I have to stay here in the house a while, but I'll come out as soon as I can to watch the rehearsal."

"Is it something connected with your idea?" Elly breathed. "Is it working?"

Mrs. Conover nodded, her eyes as bright as a child's on Christmas morning, and shut the window.

When the taxi she was expecting stopped before her gate the lawn was empty, the door of the garage closed. A tall young officer, irreproachable in blue and gold, stepped from the cab, told the driver to wait, and strode up the front walk. Mrs. Conover met him on the porch.

"Lieutenant Hanley?" she smiled. "I'm glad you could get here."

Stewart Hanley saluted. "So'm I," he said. He looked around. "Where is she?" he inquired.

"They're all over in the garage, rehearsing a play," Mrs. Conover replied. "Right this way." Halfway across the lawn, she ventured, "This special leave is long enough, I suppose, for you to be married?"

"And how!" The tall lieutenant stooped to take Mrs. Conover's face between his palms. "Angel!" he said. "Bless you for having an admiral for a brother." And then he kissed her.

"Well," murmured Mrs. Conover, blushing like a schoolgirl, "I just thought it was a pity for you and Gertie to be separated." She added with apparent irrelevance, "And my brother is always so understanding."

The startled actors inside the barn hardly knew what to make of the next turn of events. Lieutenant Hanley, with a shouted, "Surprise, Gertie! Put on your hat. This time we're going to get hitched!" whisked the bewildered and wordless Miss Winslow from their midst. And by the time the players had recovered sufficiently to follow, the taxi holding the pair was already tearing down Wisconsin Avenue.

Mrs. Conover, watching a bit anxiously, saw that Butch and Elly had not left the stage. They both stood motionless, Elly's face crumpled in an effort not to cry, Butch's carefully expressionless. He turned and walked stiffly off the stage—the curtains that hid the dressing rooms swirled shut behind him.

His mother beckoned to Elly. "Go get the others," she whispered, "and tell them to stop in the dining room for a snack before you start rehearsing again. I'll take care of them. You'd better ask Della for something for

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yourself and Marvin, and bring it out here."

That something Elly left entirely to Della's choosing. "There!" the cook said finally. "See if he kin push this down apast his broken heart."

Elly giggled. "Della, you're awful," she said. "But it isn't funny for Butch."

"Who say it is?" Della's tone was one of perfect understanding. "Run along, chile, an' let him do the talkin'!"

If Butch's strained young face was pale, his heavy make-up concealed that touch of weakness. He was on the stage again, studying the script for the second act when she came in.

"Hi, Elly," he said, and cleared his throat. "Lookit! Let's cut out the mush, and do this act pure corn, the way we—hey, what you got there?"

"Sandwiches," said Elly. "Della sent them out."

"Oh, boy!" Butch's teeth met in the succulence of bologna and peanut butter. "You know something, Elly?" he added thickly. "It feels mighty good to be hungry again."

## SKY HOSTESSES

*CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7*

American girl. You look *wonderful* to us."

And these girls, so perfectly groomed and well mannered, *are* pretty wonderful, even as American girls go.

Many people who come in on the Clipper planes are under great nervous strain. Perhaps they have slept badly on the trip, perhaps the plane was crowded and they had to sit up all the way. Some may have escaped from Europe with only the clothes they stand up in, and they face the problem of making a complete readjustment of their lives in a new country. Some may be sick, or only partly recovered from wounds. Others are on vital missions and are burdened with tremendous responsibilities.

The Hostesses on the Ground aid these people in various ways. They deliver the messages which have come in—frequently it is their duty to inform a man who has been out of the country for some time that he is now a father. Securing hotel reservations is the thing most frequently required. The hostess aids the passenger in selecting a hotel which is fitted to his nationality, his rank, and his purse. A foreigner may come in, feeling utterly lost in a new country. The hostess converses with him in his own language, makes telephone calls for him, and arranges for someone to come and meet him. Other people who need help may be referred to the Travelers Aid, the Red Cross, the Army Emergency Relief, or the Seamen's Institute. For persons who expect to continue their journey, the girls obtain train or plane reservations.

Hostesses have to know how to address persons of rank, or royalty, by their proper titles. Word that a party of church dignitaries is about to arrive sends the girls scurrying to their etiquette books to find out that a cardinal should be addressed as "Your Eminence," and an archbishop as "Your Excellency." Graciousness and tact are not accidentally come by. Girls who would possess them must make a study of correct social usage.

The dignified atmosphere of the terminal is often enlivened by the USO Camp Shows, embarking to entertain American service men abroad. Sometimes members of the troupe

come through the rotunda, singing and playing accordions. Or perhaps the magician, when he shows how much money he is taking out of the country to the customs officials, keeps turning over ten-dollar bills so rapidly that the officials have no idea how much is really in his possession. Or there seems to be someone in the ventriloquist's suitcase who keeps crying, "Let me out! Let me out!" But soon the passengers are all on board, and the great Clipper roars out across the Atlantic.

It is rather quiet in the terminal when the excitement of landing and embarkation are over, but the girls busy themselves making up their records and reports, answering inquiries, studying etiquette, and striving to acquire still another language, while they wait for another Clipper to arrive with its load of notables.

## SMALL CORNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

grand mess at the store and if she could come it would help no end. She stacked the dishes in the sink, and left.

The house was quiet after she left. I snoozed awhile, and then went down to hunt myself some breakfast. After I ate my egg and toast, I felt better, so I decided to do the dishes. It certainly did improve that kitchen, just getting those dishes out of the way. Then I went into the living room to read the paper.

On account of my being sick, Mother hadn't had much time to do anything to the house. There was a film of dust over things, and the house smelled musty. That came of us all being away so much. We weren't home long enough to leave the doors and windows open to let fresh air in. This was a good day to air—the sun was shining and it was warm and pretty.

I said to myself, "Becky Linton, if you have all that Executive Ability you were so proud of, what's wrong with your cleaning this house and having a hot dinner ready when the folks get in from the store tonight?"

I couldn't think of anything in the world that was wrong with the idea.

When Daddy and Mother came in, about seven that evening, the house was pretty clean, for me, and there was a good dinner ready to be served. I had set the table in the dining room with nice dishes and silver and things, and had gathered some jonquils and arranged them in the middle of the table. The baked potatoes were ready to take out of the oven, the peas were ready to dish up, the chops were broiling, and there was a green salad in the icebox.

When Daddy saw the jonquils, he cried, "Margaret! See what the Easter rabbit left."

And Mother said, "Becky, you shouldn't have done this, with your cold." And then she saw the table set in the dining room, and she said, "Oh, my goodness! Can I believe what I see!"

Daddy shouted, "Dinner! I don't believe I can wait to wash my hands."

It was the nicest meal we had had in months. Mother and Daddy both said so, and I knew it was true. We had been so rushed for time that we'd been eating off the kitchen draining board, or out of the icebox, or most any place.

After dinner we didn't rush away from the table. Daddy and Mother drank coffee and sat and talked, and we were a family again.

"The house even smells different," Mother

Among the hostesses of air lines flying only within the United States, some changes have occurred in regard to requirements. Due to the demand for nurses in medical work, many companies no longer require hostesses to be trained nurses. Consequently, a new crop of co-ed hostesses has taken to the airways. Besides a college degree, or two years of college plus two years of business experience, these girls must have charm, poise, personality, intelligence, and refinement. Absolutely perfect eyesight is no longer required. Eyes which do not require constant wearing of glasses may be acceptable, provided those eyes are pretty enough. And there is no longer a rigid rule that a girl must drop out of service if she marries. Certain companies permit their hostesses to continue working even if they marry.



If you are looking forward to the coming air age, you'll really enjoy this new 32-page booklet "Piper Cub . . . In War and In Peace". It is beautifully illustrated in full-color and includes an interesting history of the light airplane. It pictures and describes the wartime and peacetime uses of Piper Cubs. It tells what the coming air age will mean to you. And, a large section is devoted to a clear description of the basic principles of flight.

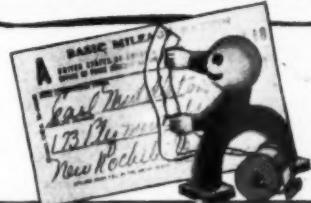
Just send 10c for your copy to cover postage-handling. Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department AG44, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.



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# LIVY PROVES HIS METTLE

gently. "You must be more charitable, dear."

The next weeks brought a great deal of excitement to Indian Mound Farm and its neighbors. A highway robbery was committed, and for awhile old Pawnee Sam, one of Uncle's men, was accused; and when that accusation petered out, they learned that a second crime must have taken place at about the same time, for a man had been found robbed and unconscious some miles along the Pike. No one knew who he was, but he had evidently been hit over the head, probably with the butt of a pistol. They took him to the Summers' place where he was given good care, but

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he was still unconscious. The robber was at large, and the whole countryside was uneasy. People who had never locked their doors, locked them now, and shades were drawn in the evening when the lamps were lighted, and Pamelia was told that she mustn't go off alone, ever, not even with Livy.

One evening the sheriff dropped in for a cup of coffee at Indian Mound Farm. He had been hunting for clues all day.

"I can't make it out," the sheriff told them. "Whoever held these two men up has disappeared as though he had wings. It looks like the work of the same man. If it was, he was riding a sorrel with white stockings, or at least that's what the tollkeeper says. After the alarm, both toll gates were closed and we know he must have been between them. There's not a side road, nor a stretch of the Pike any place where a fence seems to have been taken down."

"What about the creek?" Bill, the youngest of the hired men, suggested, and then turned red and shuffled his feet at having called attention to himself.

"Well, what about the creek?" the sheriff asked with interest. Uncle spoke for Bill. "There's a good idea in what Bill says," he explained. "You know the road branches at the bridge. One fork crosses the ford, so that people who want to water their horses can use it. A man might get down to the water that way and lead his horse along the creek so the water would wash out the hoofprints."

"And then he'd take him up to the schoolhouse," Pamelia exclaimed unexpectedly. "After that time I met a tramp there, I've never gone back. Why, maybe it was the tramp! Maybe he waited for the robberies until he was sure that no one ever went to the schoolhouse any more. Maybe he stole the horse from the man they found unconscious. I know it was the tramp!"

"Here, here! Not so fast, Pamelia! That path is pretty steep going for a horse," Uncle objected.

"If Livy can get up when he's lame, a horse could, Uncle," Pamelia said.

"Well," the sheriff remarked, rising, "as long as we're here and it's a fine night, we'd better have a look at the schoolhouse, if you'll show me how to get to it, Mr. Hall."

HOURS later, Aunt and Pamelia were still sitting by the lamp, trying to read, when the gravel crunched once more under many boots, voices sounded in low tones, and they knew the men were returning. Aunt and Pamelia flew to the window to look out at the group, dark in the starlight. But they could not count how many there were, or see anything distinctly.

"Well, I guess we'll be getting along," came the sheriff's voice. "Thanks, Mr. Hall."

Aunt and Pamelia squeezed each other's hands. What did that mean? It could mean a lot, or it could mean nothing. The sheriff had come in a buggy, which someone drove up now from the barn with all the pleasant sounds of a horse and light wheels, and the faint gleam of metal in starlight.

Again the sheriff's voice—he seemed to be doing most of the talking. "Here, you, get in first—and sit quiet."

Pamelia gave a squeal of excitement hardly louder than the squeak of a mouse. "Oh, they have caught him—and it was the tramp! Aunt, he was in the schoolhouse!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

A voice exclaimed, "Giddap," the gravel crunched, and the buggy drove off and was gone in the night. The hired men apparently went down to the barns again, and Uncle came in. He was in high spirits, but he refused to say a word until Pamelia had brought a big jug of milk, the three mugs with pink roses on them, and a plateful of doughnuts.

"Now," he said, and began his story. It was wonderful to sit drinking milk and eating with Uncle and Aunt in the lamplight, listening to the tale of the night's adventures.

The men had followed the creek for some time before Sam, who was holding one of the lanterns, had made out a break in the bank where something heavy had caused a small landslide. The ground had been smoothed over, but farther on, out of sight in the corn, they had come upon hoofprints and these had led toward the school mound.

The men had climbed the steep path, single file and in silence, up out of the cornfields into the upper, starlit air, and then they had made a circle around the building.

"I searched my pockets for the key," Uncle said. "At first I thought I must have left it home. Guess I was pretty excited." He stopped to take a bite of doughnut.

"Oh, go on," begged Pamelia. "Did you break open the door?"

Uncle swallowed the last of his doughnut. "Didn't have to," he took up the story. "I found the key in my vest pocket after all. We opened the door very quietly and went in on tiptoe. We knew right off someone was in."

"The smell," Pamelia agreed. "I noticed it that first day. Like old tobacco and grease."

"Yes," said Uncle "and horse. He'd got the horse up there, tied in a corner of the room."

Aunt shivered a little. "Was he armed?" she asked. "I've been listening and listening for a shot. Oh, I was so afraid for you, dear. You'd be one of the first men to enter, and then I didn't know what might happen!"

Uncle reached across the little table and gave Aunt's hand a reassuring pat. "He only had an empty revolver," he comforted her. "Not loaded, but good for scaring people in holdups. Anyway, he was asleep and the sheriff had him covered before he knew we were there. He'd been hiding until the hue and cry died down. And do you know, Pamelia, what he'd been doing to that horse? Its own mother wouldn't have known it."

"Cutting its tail and mane?" Pamelia asked.

Uncle laughed. "That was only the beginning. He'd found the big schoolroom bottle of ink and had blacked its legs and mane and what was left of its tail—ink and soot together. The effect was fine, if you didn't look too close."

"Does it belong to the man at the Summers'?" Aunt asked, and Uncle nodded.

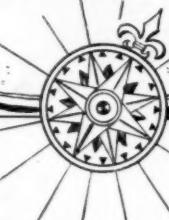
"It's down in our barn now," he said. "Pamelia and I'll take it back to him in the morning. Bill heard that he's getting better and is beginning to talk sensibly. I hope he's well enough to have a good laugh when he sees his horse."

The clock in the hall struck twelve slowly, as though it might change its mind at any moment and let it go at ten, or say eleven. But finally it seemed to decide that twelve was the hour, then it rested with a tired wheeze.

"Midnight!" Aunt exclaimed. "Pamelia, this is a terrible hour for you to be up! Off to bed with you now, and we'll finish talking in the morning."

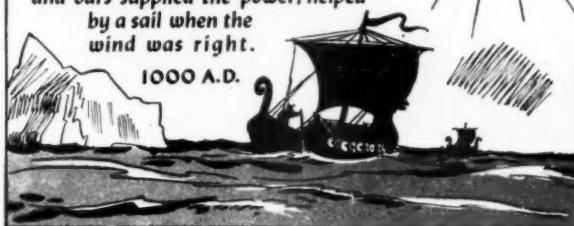
# What makes them go?

## The story of power for ships



From the ancient Egyptians to the Vikings who first crossed the Atlantic, less than 1000 years ago, men and oars supplied the power, helped by a sail when the wind was right.

1000 A.D.



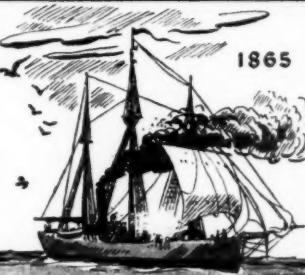
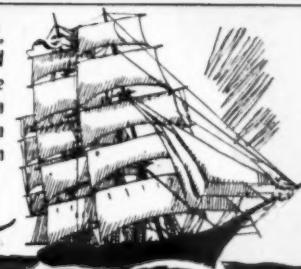
Man's muscles, aided by pole or paddle, were the first "power plants" for ships. Among the earliest boats were dug-outs, made from a single log, crudely hollowed out.

1500 B.C.



Oars gave way to sail, and sailing ships reached their highest point in the famous "clippers." In these ships, American sea captains traded in every port on earth.

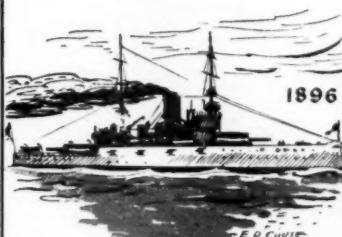
1850



1865

Even after steam engines were installed in ocean vessels, captains insisted on sails, too.

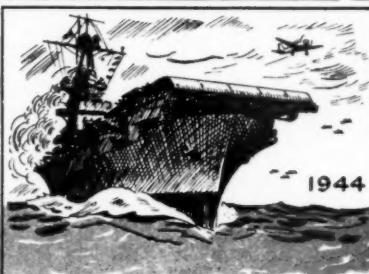
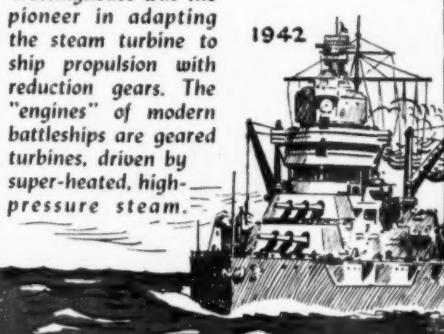
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